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**National Anti-Slavery Standard.**

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## Selections.

### *THE EXILED NEGROES IN CANADA.*

Report of The Tribune's Special Commissioner.

I.

THE NEGROES OF TORONTO.

The neighbouring British provinces have long been the refuge of the fugitive slave, and every increase on this side of the border of the rigour of the laws to ensure his return to his master causes him to look with more eager longing to a country in which his liberty is secure and he possesses the same political rights as the rest of mankind. There the law is a protector, and the public, always more rigidly virtuous when the crime to be condemned is that of a neighbour, will see that it is neither violated nor evaded. The desire of safety and of political equality, valued the more highly from its being strenuously denied, has attracted numbers of coloured men, both fugitive slaves and free, to a climate naturally ungenial to them. What have been the effects of this security and this political equality upon them? Have they improved morally and socially? Have they become more industrious and more intelligent, or, in the absence of all restraint, have they become idler and more vicious? Are they capable, under favourable circumstances, of becoming good citizens in a well-ordered community, or is there a want in their organization which renders the overseer and the taskmaster necessary to their well-being? A hurried trip through a portion of Upper Canada, undertaken as a relaxation from professional toil and care, has enabled the writer to answer some of these questions, at least to his own satisfaction. He claims no peculiar fitness for his task beyond an honest desire to learn the truth, to see facts as they exist, uncoloured as far as possible by prejudice or theory; and if, with every well-wisher of his race, he hoped to find the coloured man improved, both morally and socially, by his elevation in the political scale, his anticipations were that circumstances and the short lapse of time had hitherto prevented such improvement.

There is in Canada a remarkable want of accurate statistical information regarding the people of colour. Even their numbers cannot be arrived at with any degree of accuracy. The census of 1852 is in this respect notoriously unreliable, and its inaccuracy is acknowledged by the authorities themselves. It is generally estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000 souls; and though this computation rests on no very certain basis, yet it is perhaps the closest approximation we can attain to the truth. The largest body of them is to be found in the Counties of Kent and Essex. Next to these places Toronto contains the greatest number; then perhaps Hamilton, St. Catherines and London; but they are found more or less scattered throughout the towns and villages, and to some extent interspersed among the rural population.

The large and thriving City of Toronto contains a more numerous coloured population than any other town of Canada. Out of its 50,000 inhabitants, from 1,200 to 1,600 are estimated to be coloured. Though the great majority belong to the class of unskilled labourers, among them are to be found followers of a great number and variety of occupations. One of them, a man of wealth, lives upon his means, attending to his own property, and occasionally discounting a note, when he is satisfied with the rate per cent. and the soundness of the indorsers. One is a regularly educated physician; three are studying law, one medicine; two at least are master builders, taking contracts and employing a number of journeymen both white and black; four are grocers, and the store of one of them—the only one we visited—was in a good part of the town, handsome, neat, well stocked, and evidently doing a thriving business, the customers being mostly whites; one keeps a large livery stable, one of the best in town, and is employed to take the mails to and from the post-office to the railroad depôt, steamboats, &c.; several within the precincts of the city are occupied in farming and gardening; others are bricklayers, carpenters, shoemakers, plasterers, blacksmiths and carters. Many find employment in sawing and chopping the wood which is the general fuel; and the barbers and waiters in hotels and private families are almost exclusively coloured men.

Many of them have accumulated considerable property. This has happened chiefly among the older residents, who, purchasing real estate at a low price, have been enriched by the rapid enhancement in value it has undergone within the last few years. One coloured man (a light mulatto) is estimated to be worth at least $100,000. The property of another is valued at $35,000; of a third at $25,000; of a fourth at $15,000; of a fifth at $10,000; several are worth over $5,000; eighteen between $2,000 and $3,000, and a still greater number $1,000. These figures are not mere rough guesses. In obtaining them the names of the individuals were taken down, the value of their property estimated and allowance made for the incumbrances on it, and, though all such statements are necessarily liable to error, we are satisfied of the substantial accuracy of this one. We visited the wealthiest of the coloured men at his own residence. It was a plain two-story frame building, such as in a country town in the States would be occupied by a respectable mechanic. The sitting-room, on the second floor, was covered with a good ingrain carpet; a table on which were lights and books occupied the centre of the apartment; there was a sofa and the usual complement of chairs; an open piano stood on one side of the room; a melodeon occupied the pier between the windows; on the walls hung a well-painted portrait of the owner of the house, and engravings representing the Queen, her husband and children. Though early in September, the evening being somewhat cool, a small wood-fire blazed upon the hearth. Our host was a light-coloured mulatto of middle age, short, spare, well and strongly built, with a large square head and a firm, sagacious-looking countenance. Many years previous he had emigrated, with his wife and elder children, from Mobile, bringing some capital with him. He was by trade a carpenter, and industry, economy and judicious investments had gradually raised him to his present position. His wife, apparently in ill health, was darker than himself; the children, somewhat darker, too, than the father, consisted of a well-built lad of 19, a slender girl of 17 and a boy of 12, who was busy at the table writing a school exercise. The elder boy was studying medicine, and, at the same time, preparing himself to pass the classical examination, which, in Upper Canada, is a necessary preliminary to taking the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and had advanced so far as to read Cicero De Senectute. The language of the young people was correct and well chosen, and both in manner and conversation they would be looked upon as good examples of the youth of the middle class of any nation. In the course of the evening the young man played several pieces on the piano, and he and his sister sang duets with skill and taste.

The physician, Dr. A. T. A., is a mulatto, a native of Virginia, but for a long time resident in Philadelphia. Finding that he was unable to obtain access to the medical schools in that city, he came to Toronto and entered there upon the study of medicine, attending the lectures of the faculty of medicine of Trinity College. He has not yet obtained a degree, since, though he passed a creditable examination in medicine, he failed in the classical examination, which is a necessary preliminary to graduation. He is now prepared for this ordeal, and, after being examined again upon the prescribed books of Plato and Cicero, and translating the necessary amount of good English into bad Latin, will become an M.D. He, however, is already engaged in practice, and has received the appointment of Physician to the Poor-house, which, as it is in the gift of medical men, is a proof of the advancement he has made. He both talks and writes well, and is generally respected throughout the city.

The livery-stable keeper is a fine example, physically, of the pure black man; in countenance good-humoured, open and sensible, stout in figure and inclined to obesity, in manner equally free from rudeness and servility, and with none of that wonderful polish which in negroes accustomed to good society is apt to produce a smile. He is a Canadian born, his parents having been brought to the country from New York by one of the Herkimer family more than fifty years ago. At sixteen he was left the eldest of eleven children, with an old and widowed mother, and laboured manfully in the fields for their support. Four only of the eleven are left, all men, all residents of Canada, and all possessed of property.

One of the master builders was a light-coloured mulatto—a slight, active, wiry-looking man; shrewd, ready and enterprising. He talked well and fluently, but with a trace of his Southern origin in his pronunciation.

We instance these individuals not as the most remarkable men among the coloured population of Toronto, but because, in the few days of our stay there, we came in contact with them, and because they struck us as instances of shrewd sense, industry, energy and, we believe, integrity. In any population of 1,500 or 1,600 souls, they would, we think, have been marked men. They all, while denying that anything like pauperism or beggary existed among their fellows unless as a rare exception, acknowledged and regretted the faults of their countrymen, their improvidence, their love of finery, their disposition to shirk hard work. The builder, employing both white and coloured men, said that it was his interest to employ the former alone; they required, as a rule, less looking after. The capitalist found the coloured men too apt to neglect to discharge their pecuniary obligations promptly and punctually. They all said that while there was little grave crime found among the negroes, there were bad men of all complexions, and that the coloured men had their share of them.

The public schools of Canada are open alike to all, without distinction of colour. The negroes, as a general rule, are anxious for education, and many indeed attach more value to school education than perhaps it deserves. About one-half of all the coloured children of Toronto attend the public schools. Of the remainder, many attend private schools. We saw several coloured children at the Model School, which is attached to the Normal School at Toronto. The teachers informed me that they found them equally docile and intelligent with the whites. Some allowance had to be made for their conduct on account of the annoyance and teasing they suffered from the white children.

The negroes have four churches at Toronto—two belonging to the Baptist and two to the Methodist persuasion. The former pay their clergymen $400 a year, and the latter from $150 to $200. A number attend the Church of England, and there are some few Congregationalists and Roman Catholics. The only coloured clergyman I met left no favourable impression either of his ability or his learning.

On first entering Canada, we repeatedly heard it asserted that the coloured population was given to petty thieving, and one gentleman connected with the press told me that he believed the jail at Toronto was filled with coloured people. On inquiry at the jail itself we found but three coloured persons in it; the remainder of the inmates, and they were numerous, were whites. The reports of the Chief of Police and the Keeper of the Prison, however, put this matter, so far as Toronto is concerned, finally at rest. In his annual statistical report to the Council, Mr. Samuel Sherwood, Chief of the Police at Toronto, returns 5,346 persons as arrested by the police force during the year ending December 31, 1856. Of these, 78 only were coloured—not 1½ per cent. Now, as the coloured people constitute, at the lowest computation, between two and three per cent. of the total population of Toronto, this is a high and, I may add, an unexpected evidence of the general good conduct of the coloured people; and the value of it is increased when we remember that they all originally belonged to the class in which crimes against order and property are the most rife. Of the whole number of persons arrested, 4,295 were males and 1,051, or nearly one-fourth, were females; while of the coloured people 70 were males and 8 only, not quite one-ninth, were females.

The printed report of Mr. Sherwood refers, as was stated, to the total number of arrests. Of these, 1,922 were summarily punished by fine, in 273 cases the charges were withdrawn, and 230 cases were dismissed. Thinking that possibly the actual commitments to jail might set a different face upon the matter, we obtained from Mr. George L. Allan, the intelligent keeper of the jail at Toronto, the monthly return of commitments to that prison from October 1, 1855, to July 31, 1857, a period of twenty-two months, transcribing them from the books of the jail in his presence. The total commitments amounted in that period to 3,370, of whom 62, not quite two per cent., were coloured. Immediately after the passage of our Fugitive Slave law, Mr. Allan informed us that there was a sudden increase in the number of commitments among the coloured people, almost wholly for petty larcenies. This increase of crime Mr. A. attributed to the number of fugitives who flocked into Canada without any means of support, and whom destitution drove to theft; in a few months, as the new-comers found employment, this increase disappeared. On the whole, Mr. Allan was decided in the opinion that, as regards crimes against the law, the condition of the coloured people was better than that of the mass of the population.

II.

THE NEGROES OF HAMILTON AND CHATHAM.

At Hamilton, in a population of 24,000, there are from 400 to 600 coloured people, among them blacksmiths, carpenters, plasterers and one wheelwright. There are two churches, small frame buildings, a Baptist and a Methodist, but they are not well supported, and neither of them at present has a regular resident clergyman. Many of the coloured men are reputed to possess property, but I do not give the estimates, as I am not entirely confident of the correctness of my information. One hackman, a mulatto, who still drives his own hack, is worth at the lowest valuation from $12,000 to $15,000. He emigrated to Hamilton 17 years ago, acted as porter in a store for twelve years, and then bought a hack; he has now two carriages and four horses. The town, needing the lot on which his house stands for a market, has lately paid him $8,000 for it, and he is putting up a larger and better house on another lot which he owns. His parlour was covered with a bright-coloured Brussels carpet, hair-seated mahogany chairs were protected by handsome crotchet-worked anti-macassars, and there was a sofa, marble-covered centre-table, and a piano in the room. He took three newspapers, one weekly and two dailies. This man told us that every once in a while coloured men, dressed in the height of the fashion and tricked out with rings and chains, would call upon him, and announce themselves as deputations from Baltimore or Philadelphia or some other city in the States, sent to inquire into the condition of their brethren in Canada. "They make me mad," continued he, "to look at them, and I have often said to them, Why do you stay there? You will never be anything but Tom or Dick or Jim, or good boys, or clever niggers. Take off these fine clothes and gimcracks, come here and be men!"

Of London, which, in a population of 12,000 or 13,000, contains from 500 to 600 coloured people, we have little to say. The condition of the blacks there resembles that of their fellows in Hamilton and Toronto. Pauperism and beggary are almost unknown among them, work is abundant, and labour is fairly rewarded. The heads of the police department thought that petty crime, particularly larceny, was more frequent among the blacks than among the inhabitants at large, though in both places they thought it was less so than among the low Irish. In London this, however, was merely an opinion, as in the statistical statements of the police department the offences committed by the blacks were not separately recorded. At London a neat and well-furnished drug-store is kept by a black man, who 23 years ago escaped from slavery in Kentucky. At that time he could write a little, sufficient, as he laughingly said, to put his name to a pass. For a long time he had dealt only in herbs and simples, but foreign drugs were gradually added, and we found him hard at work at a little Latin manual, mastering the barbarous Latin in which physicians couch their prescriptions! The condition of the coloured people in regard to violations of the law, as shown by the records of the police department, is not so favourable in Hamilton as in Toronto. According to Mr. John Caruthers, Chief Constable of Hamilton, there were 1,922 arrested or summoned to appear at Court in that place during the year 1856, and of these 81 were coloured people. If we put down the population of Hamilton in round numbers at 24,000, the proportion of arrests would be 1 to 12 1-2; and estimating the coloured population at 550, the arrests among them would be a fraction over 1 in 7. It must be recollected in this connection that, from the facts of their being almost exclusively emigrants, the proportion of adults among the coloured people is greater than in the population at large, and some deduction from their proportional criminality must obviously be made on this account.

Chatham, Canada West, the headquarters of the coloured people, is a straggling town, containing about 6,000 inhabitants, situated at the head of navigation upon the River Thames. Unlike Toronto and Hamilton, and even London, it possesses no fine buildings, and there is little outward appearance of wealth. For the first time in my travels the women were without hoops, and some strapping lassies I met, covered with huge flat Bloomer hats, their naturally broad shoulders rendered broader by a cape; their clinging skirts, innocent of starch, brass or whalebone, presented to one fresh from the city a sight sufficiently strange. Here at last was an inversion of the common order of things! The principal hotel at which we put up was a large, wooden barrack of a building, the entrance on a level with the unpaved street, and sharing necessarily somewhat its colour and appearance. Inside, things were more inviting; the rooms were clean, neat and comfortable, and the beds, except that they were stuffed with feathers, irreproachable. We found the landlord, a huge, jolly Englishman, at the head of his own tea-table, carving a round of boiled beef big enough to have fed the Common Council of a city; and, for the first time since we had been in Canada, in a place swarming with negroes, the waiters at table were white, and females. The town consists of one long street—King street—closely built, in which the stores are all situated, while the dwellings, mostly surrounded by gardens, are scattered over streets crossing and running parallel to it.

Despite its unpromising appearance, Chatham seems an active and stirring place. In the town there are three saw-mills, two shingle-mills, two potash factories, two sash and blind factories, four flour-mills, four brick-yards, several iron-founderies, three or four wagon factories, three cabinet warehouses, three breweries and two distilleries. It is a port of entry, and exports a large amount of lumber, staves, shingles, bricks, drain tiles and flour. A large steamboat was, when we were there, being loaded for Buffalo, and two smaller steamers and a brig were lying in the stream. Before the present depression in business, which prevails equally in Canada as in the United States, seven steamboats and a dozen sailing vessels have been seen in the port at one time, completely filling up the river.

Of this busy town about one-third of the population are coloured people, and they appear to contribute their full quota towards its industry. Among them are one gunsmith, four cabinet-makers working on their own account and employing others, six master carpenters, a number of plasterers, three printers, two watchmakers, two ship-carpenters, two millers, four blacksmiths, one upholsterer, one saddler, six master shoemakers, six grocers, and a cigar-maker. Unskilled workmen find abundant employment in the various mills, in agricultural labour, and in cutting, sawing and splitting the wood which is used for fuel. Common labourers obtain from a dollar to twelve shillings a day. The houses inhabited by the better class of coloured people are two-story frame buildings, painted white, for the most part surrounded by well-kept gardens, and quite equal in appearance to those belonging to the same class of white residents. In one which we entered the furniture was handsome, and a new piano occupied one corner of the parlour; the master of the house, a coloured man (acting by the way as a land agent), and represented to me as a man of rare intelligence, was absent. The poorer blacks live commonly in small detached cabins, sometimes built of unhewn logs, consisting ordinarily of one room. The furniture was commonly one or two bedsteads, with bedding, a chest or two, chairs, tables and cooking utensils, sometimes a looking-glass, clock or bureau. In the garden-spot about the cabin were grown corn, beans, pumpkins, squashes, potatoes, &c.; their gardens, indeed, were quite as flourishing and well tended as those of their white neighbours. In every instance that came under my observation the inmates seemed comfortable, well-fed and contented.

In the market-place, on the day I visited it, the greater number of wagons or carts with vegetables seemed to belong to negroes. One large wagon, drawn by two good horses and tended by an active, intelligent-looking jet-black man, was particularly well supplied. Two of the wagons were each drawn by a mare, with a colt running by its side. One rickety old cart, drawn by a half-starved horse, and containing a scanty stock of vegetables, put me in mind of old Tiff's turn-out at the camp-meeting.

The means of education are not liberally provided. There is but one public school for the coloured people, and that is crowded, and two private schools, one attended by about fifty and the other by fifteen pupils. The wife of the teacher of the larger of these schools, a New England woman, the teacher himself being absent, complained that the pupils frequently did not pay the small stipend demanded of them.

Beggary, we are informed, did not exist among them, and I could learn of but two or three persons who were assisted from the town funds. In regard to sexual morality, I could hear of but one case of bastardy as having occurred in the last two years.

In the shop of the gunsmith, who has been mentioned as one of the coloured mechanics of the town, we saw a rifle which he had just finished, which seemed an exceedingly neat and handsome piece of workmanship, as it was, we have no doubt, a good and effective weapon. The engraving upon it—an art in which he had no instruction—was both well designed and well executed. The gunsmith was a dark-coloured mulatto from North Carolina; he had been redeemed from slavery when twenty-one years of age, by his father, a mulatto. He at that time knew something of the business which he afterwards followed, and acquired some further knowledge of it at the North. Misunderstanding something that had been said, we observed, with some surprise: "You surely know how to write?" He answered, with a smile, that he had somewhere a diploma constituting him an A. B.! On coming North he had entered Oberlin College, and graduated from that institution; and in a late catalogue of the same College he showed us the name of a younger brother who had just completed a course of instruction there. He was one who, by his good sense, intelligence and information, would have been a marked man anywhere. J—— is not a singular instance in Chatham; indeed there is to be found there a much higher degree of education and culture than among the same class at Toronto.

In Kent, the County in which Chatham is situated, many of the coloured people are agriculturists, residing upon and cultivating their own farms. Many of them are represented as doing exceedingly well. One farm, owned and occupied by a coloured man recently deceased, and still cultivated by his family, was generally allowed by those not disposed to favour the blacks, as well as by their well-wishers, to be the model farm of the neighbourhood. Some, without capital or skill, and probably, too, without sustained industry, do not succeed; but it is generally admitted that, on the whole, they make better farmers than the Irish, and far better than the French Canadians, a considerable number of whom reside in the immediate neighbourhood of Chatham.

### *PROGRESS OF DISUNIONISM AT THE WEST.*

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Oct. 13, 1857.

DEAR FRIEND GARRISON: We have just closed the annual meeting of the Michigan "Friends of Human Progress." Five years ago, I attended a similar gathering in this same town. Then, a little, old-fashioned Friends' meeting-house, a very little one, was ample for our accommodation, even on Sunday. This year, we occupied a most spacious hall, which we almost crowded on Saturday and Monday, while on Sunday we had to resort to a large tent that holds easily ten or twelve hundred persons, and we certainly crowded it to its extremest capacity. The President was Judge Boardman, of Waukegan, Illinois.

The elements composing this large assemblage were as multifarious almost as the race, though numerically the Spiritualists predominated. But there were some who are still "of the earth, earthy." Abolitionists, temperance people, land reformers, socialists, and I know not what others, all claiming to come under the general denomination of "Friends of Human Progress," and so were included in the Call.

The principal speakers on the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis, Miss Charlotte M. Bebee, C. C. Burleigh, S. C. Hewitt, Sojourner Truth, and John S. Martin (a fugitive slave). Three days were never crowded with more speaking and business, such as it was, than were the three of that meeting.

The most prominent subjects considered were Spiritualism, Anti-Slavery, and Woman's Rights. Other questions were raised, and resolutions were adopted upon them, but without much discussion. Most beautiful music was furnished us, both vocal and instrumental, by Mr. Higgins, of Chicago.

The greatest good accomplished at this meeting, perhaps, was to separate the Anti-Slavery cause from a morbid, mawkish Spiritualism, that had infested it like the potato-rot, and was almost working its ruin. Many Spiritualists are Buchanan Democrats, up to "border-ruffian" heat; multitudes have colourphobia—are all *broke out* with it; while almost all of them seem to dread Garrisonianism and Dissolution of the Union more than sword, pestilence and famine. There were some *gone-to-seed, professed* Abolitionists among them, whose anti-slavery seemed not to have been very vital, for they have mostly discontinued their anti-slavery papers, too often leaving arrearages of from one to five or six dollars unpaid.

These disciples of Spiritualism appeared much annoyed, all of them, at the introduction of anti-slavery into our discussion. Many of them seemed to assume the meeting as their own, and regarded Burleigh and myself only as interlopers. Some would not hear us patiently, if at all; and others declared they would not have come to the meeting, if they had known it was to be open to anything but their favourite idolatry. It is certainly not too much to say, that there is not a more bigoted and intolerant class in the whole sisterhood of sects, than this type of so-called Spiritualists.

But there were others there, who, though fully believing in the facts and phenomena of the new doctrine, only value them as they can be made to subserve the great interests of humanity. Of this number stood preëminently both Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Davis. Never have I seen such disappointment as was manifest when they, or when he, declared *Spiritualism valueless, and far worse, only when viewed as an auxiliary to aid onwards every great work of reform*; and when he added, that it was *no test of character whatever*, that a person might be even worse for being a Spiritualist, and that nothing could be more odious than for men to call themselves Spiritualists, while voting for Buchanan or in any way giving voluntary countenance and aid to such a curse and crime as slavery. Mrs. Davis was equally firm and decided, and a more essential service was hardly ever done the Anti-Slavery cause than we were indebted to them for at this anniversary. Without them, I am sure we could not have adopted the following resolutions, covering, as you will see, the entire ground of a dissolution of the American Union:

Whereas, the slave system of this nation has at length reached an intensity where its blazing atrocities eclipse every other curse endured or crime perpetrated by the people, not only plunging millions of immortal beings down from their high estate among men and angels to the lowest deeps of mental and moral darkness and despair, but also by its reflex influence, debasing and degrading the whole white population, contaminating the literature, corrupting the conscience, controlling the religion, interpreting the Constitution, enacting and enforcing the vilest and most unjust laws, dictating the diplomacy, and indeed every other department of the Government, and all to subserve its own unhallowed designs; and,

Whereas, the two grand supports of the system are, first, *the Government*, based on the Constitution and Union, and, secondly, the *religion*, which in all the most powerful and popular denominations, still fellowships the slave-breeder, the slave-trader and slaveholder, all as Christians and ministers; therefore,

Resolved, That we hereby register our most solemn testimony against the slave-system, and the two great elements on which it leans for support. And,

Resolved, That, in our opinion, the time has fully come when the Northern and nominally free States of the Union should demand an entire separation from the slave States, and proclaim the American Union a wild and guilty attempt to bind together elements and principles which God and all nature have eternally disjoined, and then to found a FREE NORTHERN CONFEDERACY, whose atmosphere should never be polluted by the breath of a slaveholder, and whose soil should never shudder under the tread of the Divine image enslaved.

The Battle Creek meeting was a cordial to the hearts of all the true friends of humanity present, and its influence must be most salutary all over the State. Anti-Slavery was drooping under the blighting influence of a wild fanaticism, that was gazing away into darkness for spirits to come and do its work; and, worse than that, the controlling genius of the delusion was, in the true spirit of the Dred Scott decision, *black men and Garrisonians* "have no rights which white men are bound to respect."

But the cause of freedom is still safe in Michigan. There are Chandlers there, and Hayballs, Mickleys and Waltons, Glaziers and Weekses, Moors and Fullers, Merrits, Tituses and Willises, with many others, whose feet are planted on the rock of eternal truth; and though many of them believe confidently in the correspondence of spirits departed with their friends left behind, still, they would know and recognise them only as they aid, comfort and instruct them in doing and suffering the great work and experiences of active, earnest life. The slave could ask no better friends.

I never went to a meeting with such reluctance as to this, but seldom have enjoyed one more, or been much better satisfied with the apparent results. I have seen too many tests of the spiritual science, *with my own eyes*, to doubt the reality of some kind of agency not laid down or described in the books, or taught in the schools or Churches of past years. But, as yet I am not able to see the good done, or begun, which both worlds ought to do, should they really take hold together.

With Andrew Jackson Davis I am now better acquainted than ever before, and certainly, to know him well is to esteem him most highly. No man seems more consecrated to the work of the world's redemption, and no one can do more, here in the West, than he can, to open the ear and search the heart; and better yet, he seems now fully engaged in his mission, with an earnestness of purpose that must ensure success.

In haste, but truly, yours, PARKER PILLSBURY.

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You have probably seen a report of the meeting of Progressive Friends, held in Salem, commencing the third of the present month. It was, upon the whole, a very good meeting; but I was far from satisfied with its anti-slavery work. Mr. Foss presented a resolution to the Business Committee, in substance, that slavery is a crime, and, consequently, that all connection with it, ecclesiastical or political, involved criminality; but it was considered too strong to be offered to the meeting, by the majority of that Committee, and hence, though it was approved and strongly urged by the Chairman, it was ruled objectionable and thrown aside, and in its stead resolutions were offered deprecating the Dred Scott decision, and the admission of Kansas as a slave State. Mr. Foss made an earnest, but short speech, lamenting that the meeting was not willing to discuss the Disunion question, and stating why he considered *that* the important point to be discussed. He was followed by Joshua R. Giddings, in what I have no doubt he meant should be an anti-slavery speech, but really what seemed to me an earnest appeal to the voters of Salem and vicinity to remember to do anti-slavery work, by using the ballot-box to reëlect Salmon P. Chase as Governor of Ohio. Ah, me! I wonder if the news of the triumph of the Republican party in the State of Ohio would carry one throb of joy to the heart of poor Margaret Garner! Would she, in view of such a fact, again attempt to make her escape from the hands of those who so wickedly enslave her? Would there be any probability that her liberty would be secured? I think not. A State government that can offer nothing better than the giving up of those who have done so much to obtain their freedom, is not worthy the name of even a sovereign government, much less an anti-slavery government.

Yours, for the slave, LUCY N. COLMAN.

—*Liberator.*

### *CHURCH-SAVING.*

From The Northern Independent.

We all know what Union-saving is—it is the out and out pro-slaveryism of politics applied to the stability of government. Anarchy is undoubtedly bad, but the remedy in this instance happens to be worse than the disease. Oppression is a poor substitute for disorder; robbery may produce quiet, but it cannot command respect. Hence, a government saved by pro-slaveryism is only the worse for being saved. There is a time for decay and disruption, and that nation which cannot hold together without injustice, has already existed too long. Conservatism, applied to political organizations that have not for their greatest good and only object of existence, the preservation of the rights of all men, is a palpable cheat—a mock pretence. The odiousness of the vice of Union-saving arises from the cool contempt with which it flings aside those great original rights that God planted in our nature, or barters them for the worthless figment of an unprincipled adherence to an organization.

That Church-saving is, in principle, identical with Union-saving, there can be no doubt. The men who give themselves to this work have all the characteristics of their brethren—the Union-savers. The latter would save the State, irrespective of right—would ignore the righteous claims of millions of human beings, and crush them through interminable generations, in order to build up and perpetuate a political system. Church-saving, in like manner, ignores all right—it takes for its supreme point, that the unity of the Church must be maintained. Not duty—not righteousness is its highest aim; its one object, and all-commanding principle, is union. We may well abhor a union, gained or conserved in utter disregard of moral principle. But especially may we abominate a union of this kind, when formed in the Church—a body professing to be based on purity.

Church-saving is practical wickedness. It is an open renunciation of morals. It flings righteousness to the winds, and inaugurates *policy* as the ruling element of the Church. When management and trickery are thus substituted for virtue, in the house of God itself, we may be sure that boundless corruption must follow.

But what is this great thing that Church-saving would do, if it could? Why, it is simply keeping the Church externally one—it is preserving a visible unity—an object well enough in its way, to a limited extent, but by no means worth securing at the sacrifice of principle. Something of family grouping, even in the Church, there is, and must be; denominationalism, in its essential features is, is not a vice—it is only the expression of an inherent diversity peculiar to our nature. The effort to counteract this moderate sectarian tendency, and bring on a sort of religious communism, would not be censurable in itself, though, from the nature of things, it must forever be unsuccessful. We blame the effort only when it is made, as in the case of Church-saving, in contempt of moral principle. Let men seek, if they will, to blend the visible Church into a unit, but let them not do this in shameless disregard of morals. Another thing, however, have they in view, who chiefly concern themselves with Church-saving; the unity which they seek to conserve is not that of the whole militant Church, but merely that of their own denomination—they want to "be the biggest Church in the land." It is, then, in truth, only an intense sectarianism that underlies the whole Church-saving movement. Denominational pride is the very best element of this terrible policy which proposes to conserve a Church in defiance of justice.

How insulting to the name of Him who came to die for sin is this deliberate purpose to build up a Church in iniquity! The Jews made the first grand experiment in this line, by putting the Saviour to death, as a purely conservative measure. It was Church-saving that shed the blood of Christ; his enemies crucified him to save Judaism. Now, we affirm that all Church-saving is just of this kind; it always results in putting Christ to death, either in his own person or in that of his disciples. At this day, Christ dies in the person of the slave—they, who, for the peace of Zion, dehumanize, mangle, barter and morally kill millions of poor bondmen, do crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to open shame.

Besides, in all that is vital, the Church needs not this puny conservatism. The Church has God for its preserver, and is not in want of human care. The Almighty planted, and will sustain the Church; the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Our conservatives might as well attempt to hold up the heavens; there is quite as much danger that the stars will fall, as there is that the Church of the living God will perish. Moreover, our conservatives are every way as competent to this work as they are to give stability to the Church. All such efforts are superlatively ridiculous.

But Church-saving is more than ridiculous—it is both dangerous and impious. It substitutes policy for piety, makes the letter more important than the spirit, sets organization above rectitude, inaugurates dead formality in place of living Christianity. Organization is good, system is good, a chastened denominationalism is good, but each and all of these are secondary—they are not supreme, and whoever makes them supreme, by sacrificing right in their support, inevitably corrupts the Church.

### *SLAVERY IN THE METHODIST CHURCH.*

A LETTER FROM THE BORDER.

[The Quietist party in the Methodist Church, with the *Christian Advocate and Journal* at their head, are constantly trying to convince the public that there is very little slavery in the border Conferences—that the clergy there are strongly and earnestly opposed to the system, and faithfully labouring to uproot it. Here is a letter from that region, addressed to *Zion's Herald*, the editor of which assures us that the writer is worthy of confidence.]

DEAR DOCTOR: We on the Border are in a condition just now far from enviable. It results from a variety of causes. We heard that, at the last General Conference, representations were made which obtained votes, and which went upon the ground that by the time of the meeting of the next General Conference what little slaveholding was in the Church would very probably have died out. Now, instead of advance among us, Abolitionists were never more heartily denounced; our preachers in the slaveholding territory were never more silent in the pulpit on the subject; and the pro-slavery preachers of the Church South were never before treated with so great homage; while some of our presiding elders who were at the last General Conference go around their districts proclaiming that the question of slaveholding in the Church was settled for the present generation at the last General Conference.

Our ears have heard these representations in meetings of the preachers, and from the men whose position and past antecedents in the Philadelphia Conference of course make it *rather desirable* that there should be no advance. Yet here we are told, who desire advance, that New England is divided on the question of an improved legislation, and that Boston—yes, Boston, Doctor—has very great sympathy with our beloved slaveholding, and will not fail to give "aid and comfort" to those who are the "Screwers" and opponents of the advance men on the Border. We want to know if this is true of the land of the *Herald*. For ourself we regard this as a slander on New England Methodism. If it be not, all such Methodists your way will have a chance to be accommodated, we think, with new Church relations, as we hear that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is advocating, in her organs, the change of her title. The Richmond *Christian Advocate*, their Border paper, wishes "Dusky Sister" to throw off the word "South," because of its sectional aspect, and sail under the euphonious name of "Wesleyan Methodist Episcopal Church," and urges as a reason for this change that she would then be able to make her triumphant way northward.

For ourself we are willing to spare her the trouble of a change of name, and wish all who are in affiliation with an avowedly pro-slavery Church were in her bosom, from the highest dignitaries of our Church, if such there be, down to our humblest member. Indeed, we do not see how such, as men of honour, can stay with us. Another class standing in the way of advance are those who saw in time past no moral issue between the Church South and ourselves, and who sought to calm the Border excitement down here, a few years ago, by telling the people that they might as justly style the preachers of the Church South Abolitionists as the preachers of the Philadelphia Conference. If they have changed in their estimate of the Church South, or our own, we think it time for the public to know it; or perhaps others beside Rev. J. D. Long might suspect them of pro-slavery tendencies. It would be well for these respected brethren to change their record, we think. That record as it now stands commits one Conference of the Methodists on the Border as against a change of the General Rule, and as having no issue with the Church South on the matter of slaveholding in the Church.

But we do not doubt their fealty to our Methodism, though we thus speak; but think their reputation and position alike demand at least an explanation.

What do you Methodists of New England think of our Border affiliation with the Church South? Of inviting their preachers to labour at our camp-meetings and work for a share of the spoils! That is the way to free our people from pro-slavery tendencies, is it not? A fine beginning to get rid of all our slaveholding by 1860. This is the kind of education, however, which they are receiving; and, instead of educating our people up to a higher position, the first part of this letter and this fact of camp-meeting labours show, we think and fear, that a deeper meaning than at first is apparent was had by the Border representative who said to a Michigan brother at Indianapolis that "*our* little slaveholding would go out by or before 1860."

This is the training our people are receiving; and this education is silently acquiesced in, it would seem, by our paper's silence. There was a time when the *Christian Advocate and Journal* had an editor who would *protect our sentiments and our territory* from Southern incursions; not by any change of the office, but by a change of policy. May Heaven, if he has not in anger ordained it otherwise, send the desired change soon, ere our anti-slavery heart be eaten out, and the pro-slavery bridge is built over the once dividing gulf! BORDER.

September 3.

FURTHER TESTIMONY.

[Here is another letter, from the latest issue of the same paper.]

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow a word of correction in respect to one or two sentences of an editorial headed "Our South-western Border," in the *Herald* of Sept. 16th? I feel assured you wish to state the truth, and would not have made those statements if you had been personally acquainted with the facts in the case. Speaking of the objections many have to the appropriation of missionary money to build up pro-slavery Churches in the Border Conferences, you say: "Our Church is there decidedly an anti-slavery Church." Again, "Our Church is the great anti-slavery vanguard in those States." I wish it were even so; then would there be hope for our Church and our country. But nothing is further from the truth.

Some months since I resolved to ascertain personally the facts in the case. I travelled extensively in Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky and Virginia, and the result of that thorough examination was, that I found no Methodists more intensely pro-slavery in Alabama, Louisiana, or in any of the "fire-eating" parts of the South, than I found the members of our mission Churches to be in the Border Conferences; they utterly abjure the name of abolitionists, or of having any sympathy with the anti-slavery movements in the free States. It matters not how many slaves a man owns, it is no objection to his becoming a member of those mission Churches. It is true, as you set forth in that article, that the Church South charge the members of our Church in the Missouri, Arkansas and Kentucky Conferences with belonging to an anti-slavery body. And now if our membership there could or would admit the truthfulness of the charge, and reply, "What you think our disgrace, we consider our *highest glory*, and are ready to acknowledge that we intend to labour in all proper ways for the freedom of the slave," I should be in favour of pouring out our money like water to sustain them. I wish that there was some proof that they are the vanguard of freedom's army; but, alas! on the contrary, they most unequivocally and categorically deny the charge, that any anti-slavery blood is in their veins, or that any action of the General Conference can be pointed out to prove that the Church North is abolitionized. They tell them truthfully, that the division of 1844 did not turn on the hinge of the sin of slavery, but on the minor and non-essential point, whether a bishop might hold slaves or not. They remind me of the thousands of slaves held without a word of rebuke by the membership, in six of the Conferences of the Northern Church; that travelling preachers even, in those Conferences, can have their houses filled up with slaves, have all the avails of slave labour, if the wife's father, or some convenient friend holds the title deed. They quote to their southern calumniators as perfect extinguishers, the hair-spun and sophistical arguments of those who are wearing out life in the *honourable work* (?) of showing that slavery is "constitutionally" in the Church, and encompassed and defended with brazen armour. And I am only sorry to say, that the pro-slavery course of the Church North furnishes them with abundance of material to silence those who accuse them of belonging to an anti-slavery Church.

The position of the Northern and Southern M. E. Churches in the disputed territory may be somewhat illustrated by reference to the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches in the South; they are crowding and jostling, each trying to obtain the advantage of the other, filling the community with bitterness and sectarianism, while both are there heartily pro-slavery. The points upon which they differ are so trivial, that they ought never to be mentioned among Christian brethren.

The result with them and with us is this, that party spirit, aided by missionary money from those who sympathize with either side, keeps two small Churches in existence, where it would be far better for the quiet and religious welfare of the community if there was but one.

The American Home Missionary Society has adopted a most salutary rule, which works well for the cause of humanity, viz., that they will grant funds to no Church that allows slaveholders among its members. We must adopt the same, if we would have our missionary treasury full; it is too late in the day to suppose that anti-slavery men will contribute money to build up pro-slavery Churches. The patrons of the Missionary Society have a *right to know how their money is expended.*

This question is now before the Churches, and must be met without any dodging. Let those who have any personal knowledge of the anti or pro-slavery character of the Churches assisted by the missionary money in the Border Conferences, bring it forward.

H. C. ATWATER.

[The editor of *Zion's Herald*, commenting upon the letter of Mr. Atwater says:]

Now we place implicit confidence in his testimony based on actual observation. There never was a grosser mistake—to call it by no graver name—than that insisted upon at the last General Conference, and repeated earnestly since, that mercenary slaveholding does not exist undisturbed in *some* of the societies connected with the M. E. Church. This fact is asserted by Rev. J. D. Long, and others who must know. It is asserted by our correspondent from actual observation. It is asserted, too, by a whole class of witnesses, consisting of ministers of the M. E. Church, South, whom, of course, our friends on the Border will and must allow to be good witnesses, since they interchange pulpits with them, and invite them to preach at our camp-meetings, and to dedicate our Churches to Almighty God. As a specimen of their testimony we give the following from the Richmond *Christian Advocate*, italics and all:

"Sir, is it not known to *you* and to *me*, and to *many, many others*, that in the Church in which Bishop Simpson and Dr. McClintock are ministers, and from which they were delegates to the Wesleyan Methodist Church, there are thousands and thousands of slaves, and that these slaves are owned and worked from sun to sun by the *members* and *ministers* of said Church? Will Bishop Simpson, or Dr. McClintock, or the New York *Express*, or any one else, undertake to deny that there are many slaveholders and slave-workers among the *private* members, and *official* members, and *ministers* of the Northern division of the M. E. Church? They will not try it. It cannot be denied."

And again:

"If you never knew it before, learn it now from me, *the preachers and people in the Northern division of the Methodist Episcopal Church hold slaves as truly as those in the Southern division.* Now, try and remember this in future."

Now this is only a specimen. Others assert that they are held for life, and *bought and sold* at pleasure. It is literally true that we could cover this page with extracts from Southern papers reiterating this fact, and any of the writers, if he happens to be a talented preacher, would be invited to aid in the dedication of one of the Churches in New York city or New Jersey, and take his seat in the pulpit by the side of Bishop Simpson. The writers, therefore, cannot be regarded as unworthy of credit.

### *SLAVERY IN THE DUTCH COLONIES.*

From The Tribune.

The abolition of slavery in the Dutch West Indies, about to be proposed in the States-General of Holland, is of less importance from the numbers upon whom it may confer the boon of liberty than from the new proof it affords of the growing force of the sentiment of humanity among all civilized nations. Upon the continent of South America the Dutch once held very extensive possessions. The Dutch West India Company carried on for a time a successful struggle with Portugal for the possession of Brazil. But the insurrection of the conquered Portuguese before long expelled them from those regions, leaving them, in South America, only their settlements on the River Belize, Demerara and Essequibo. Even these districts, however, are no longer Dutch. During the wars of the French Revolution, they passed into the hands of the English, and now constitute the colony of British Guiana. All that remains to the Dutch of South American territory, constituting, in fact, their principal possession in America, is the colony of Surinam, between British Guiana on the west and French Guiana, or Cayenne, on the east—a colony the more interesting to us from the circumstance that, having once been English, it was yielded up to the Dutch at the peace of Breda, in 1667, in exchange for the province of New Netherlands and the city of New Amsterdam, of which the English had taken forcible possession three years before, changing the name of both to New York.

There was considerable discussion among the politicians and political economists of the times, whether in making this exchange England had not made a very bad bargain. In point of extent of territory, both colonies stood about on a level. Neither had any definite boundaries inland, and both claimed a large extent of unsettled territory. As their respective boundaries have since been established, Surinam, so far as square miles are concerned, has taken the lead. The extent of that colony is reckoned by geographers at about sixty thousand square miles, while we of New York, after claiming, during the progress of the Revolutionary War, all Upper Canada, and all the country between the lakes, the Ohio and the Mississippi, have been cut down to forty-six thousand square miles. At the time of the exchange, now nearly two centuries ago, the population and commerce of the two colonies were pretty nearly equal; and indeed for the next hundred years Surinam kept pretty equal progress with New York, and at times, especially after the introduction of the cultivation of coffee, first carried there from Java about 1718, and under the impulse of the slave trade, it seemed to justify the arguments of those who had maintained that a colony in the tropics, of such extent and fertility, was of far greater value than New York could ever become.

The first blow to the prosperity of Surinam grew out of an insurrection of the negroes, a body of whom escaped into the uninhabited district in the rear of the colony, where they maintained themselves against every attempt at their subjugation. Finally, the colonists could do no better than to enter into a treaty of peace with them. Another insurrection of the same sort broke out about the time of our revolutionary war; and Captain Stedman, who served as one of a party of English mercenaries enlisted to fight the rebel negroes, has given in his book on Surinam a very interesting description of the colony as he saw it. This war ended, like the former, in a recognition of the revolted negroes as free and independent, they, however, entering into a stipulation not to harbour runaways from the plantations. There is no very recent account of Surinam, but these two independent negro communities still exist, we believe, in the interior.

During the wars of the French Revolution Surinam, like the rest of the Dutch colonies, was occupied by the English; but although they kept the adjoining territory now constituting British Guiana, at the peace of 1814 Surinam was restored to the Dutch. During the English occupation a large part of the plantations had passed into the hands of English proprietors, and it is chiefly, we believe, to English proprietors that they still belong. Ever since the abolition of the slave trade the population of Surinam has been on the decline. An official return, dated in 1842, gave for the total population, 56,000. Of these, 2,500 were whites, of whom half were Christians and half Jews. The coloured population (population of mixed blood) was reckoned at 7,000, of whom 4,000 were free and 3,000 slaves. The black population was set down at 46,500, of whom only 1,500 were free. Paramaribo, the capital, had a population of 15,000, including 2,000 whites. The decrease in the population of the colony in the preceding ten years was reckoned at 8,000, caused by the annual diminution of slaves. According to a statement purporting to be official, contained in *The Surinam Courant*, the number of slaves in Surinam on the 1st of January, 1856, was as follows: belonging to plantations, males, 14,190—females, 14,942; belonging to persons not planters, males, 4,032—females, 4,934; total, 38,098; showing in the last fourteen years a diminution of 10,000. It is evident from these figures that the alternative is between the abolition of slavery or the gradual extinction of the labouring population under the discipline of the plantations.

In addition to the colony of Surinam, the Dutch possess on the south shore of the Caribbean Sea the three islands of Bon Air, Amba and Curaçoa, and in the Leeward Carribbee Group the little islands of Luba and St. Eustatius, with half of St. Martin's, which they hold jointly with the French. St. Eustatius, at the time of our Revolutionary War, was, as a neutral island, a seat of trade, similar to that which St. Thomas afterward became; but it never recovered from the blow which it received in being plundered and sold out at a military auction by Admiral Rodney, and, with its neighbours of Luba and St. Martin's, it has now but a few hundred inhabitants, whose chief employment is the cultivation of tropical fruits for exportation to this city. Bon Air, Amba and Curaçoa have a very dry climate, and are chiefly known for their salt pans, especially the former. The thousand or two slaves on this island employed in the salt-works appear to be a cross between the Indian and negro—a good-looking, sprightly race, who speak a sort of broken Portuguese. Curaçoa, which once had the same Governor with ourselves in the person of Petrus Stuyvesant, has a few plantations, and perhaps two or three thousand slaves. But the whole number of slaves likely to be affected by any scheme of emancipation which the Dutch Chambers may adopt will not, probably, exceed forty thousand.

# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857.


## *TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL MEETING* OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Correspondence of The Standard.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26th, 1857.

OUR Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society held its Twenty-first Annual Meeting on Friday and Saturday last, at West Chester, and, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather and gloomy condition of the times, it was a gathering, in numbers and spirit, altogether worthy of the occasion. A good deal of disappointment was felt at first at the non-appearance of Mr. Garrison; but when the reasons of his absence were made known, and his letter, which I send you herewith, read, the people were satisfied; and, before the meeting was over, they discovered, as they had more than once discovered before under similar circumstances, that his presence, however desirable, was not altogether indispensable to the interest of the gathering. There was no lack of competent speakers, nor did the meeting suffer much, if any, from want of more foreign assistance. Mr. Gay, whose presence was most welcome, was the only speaker from a distance; the rest were all Pennsylvanians. They were Wm. H. Furness, Lucretia Mott, Robert Purvis, Mary Grew, J. M. McKim, E. M. Davis, Thomas Whitson, Henry Grew, B. R. Plumly, J. S. Flint, Robert Collier, J. A. Karscher—the two latter, new men, drawn to our meeting by their interest in the cause—and perhaps others whose names do not now occur to me. To Mr. Furness we were especially indebted. His address, which was *the* feature of the meeting in the speaking line, was listened to by a full house with the deepest attention. It was sound in doctrine, and happily opportune in tone and general sentiment. It affirmed and illustrated the folly of political action as a means of moral reform; justified the faith, doctrinal and practical, of the ultra Abolitionists, and drew valuable lessons of instruction from the developments which are now being made by the times.

The spirit of the meeting will be gathered by your readers from the tone of the resolutions. The first of these, which was suggested by the circumstance of the Society having just attained its majority, expressed gratification that the body had "reached maturity of organic vigour," and that "its strength, in spirit and purpose," had undergone no abatement. The second resolution expressed unfaltering confidence in the onward tendency of our movement, spite of temporary checks or passing clouds. The third made light of the Republican defeat at the last Presidential election, affirming that the chief cause of regret to the Abolitionists in that fact was the additional proof it afforded of the ignorance and pro-slavery corruption that still prevailed at the North, especially in our own State of Pennsylvania. The next denounced the folly of attempting to build up an anti-slavery party on the basis of a pro-slavery compact. Another affirmed that the way to abolish slavery was, by moral influences, to *change public opinion;* that until this was done nothing else could be done; and when this was done, nothing more need be done. Another, not inconsistent with this, took the ground that public sentiment sustained the slave system, in the last resort, through the Federal compact; that by their obligations to deliver up the fugitive and suppress domestic insurrection, the people of the North supported the whole system, with all its weight of crime and infamy; and that the first and last demand of the Abolitionist should be, "Stand from under—annul the compact—cancel the iniquitous bargain—*dissolve the Union.*" One of the resolutions alluded in proper terms to the Dred Scott Decision of the Supreme Court, regarding the infamous doctrines contained in that decision as furnishing additional proof that the Government of the United States, in its essential structure, is hopelessly pro-slavery. The Tract Society, whose Committee look to the slaveholders for direction in Gospel duty, received appropriate notice. The last resolution was one acknowledging the obligations of the anti-slavery cause to the coöperation, in word and deed, of the Abolitionists of England, Scotland and Ireland, and expressing the earnest hope that this coöperation would continue to be extended to us with undiminished liberality.

The debates on these resolutions were highly animated, though on the main points involved there was no wide difference of opinion; for, on being put to vote, which was done, *seriatim*, they were passed with but one or two dissenting voices.

The Annual Report, read by the Corresponding Secretary, though it gave an account, and a very satisfactory one too, of the past year's doings and present condition of the Society, nevertheless took a wider range and aimed to give a bird's-eye view of the general cause. In the performance of this task the writer admitted that the cause wore two aspects, one favourable, the other unfavourable. The latter he unfolded to view with much candour. Slavery, he said, had advantages to boast, and triumphs to record, as well as Freedom. In all the great national issues which Slavery had made with Freedom, the former had proved victor. On the question of annexing Texas, on that of waging war upon Mexico, on the passage of the Fugitive Slave law, and on the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, victory had perched on the banners of Slavery. For the last seventeen years the slave interest had possessed all needed control of the Federal Government. The accession to the Presidency of Tyler, Polk, Fillmore and Pierce were great advantages to the slaveholder; but greater than all these was that of Mr. Buchanan, whose history, as a pro-slavery politician, had been claimed by his Southern adherents to be "without a flaw." The Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court was a triumph of the slaveholders, and the gayest feather in their cap was the Presidential letter to Professor Silliman. The commercial elements as well as the destinies of politics had seemed to favour the slaveholder, for in the revulsion which was now passing over the country the South had been contrasting our distress with their comparative ease with much complacency. The troubles of England, and the reverses of British arms in India, postponing indefinitely the experiment of raising free cotton there, had also furnished to the slaveholder and his Northern adherents matter for congratulation.

All these things, the report admitted, looked at first blush to be indications adverse to Freedom and favourable to the final success of the slaveholder; but, rightly considered, there was nothing in them to occasion the Abolitionists the least disquietude, but the contrary.

The report then took up all these apparently discouraging circumstances and considered them in detail. The annexation of Texas, it said, was stimulated by the rapid advances of the Abolitionists, and was intended to counteract their efforts. The slaveholders gained some political power by it at the South, but lost more at the North. Besides, Texas was filling up so fast with immigrants hostile to slavery as to warrant the opinion on the part of some that annexation would prove, like the wooden horse of Troy, to have introduced within the citadel an enemy who would reveal himself in the day of trial. The war upon Mexico was successful so far as the acquisition of territory went; but out of this territory was raised an additional free State, the political prestige and fabulous wealth of which went to swell the power of Freedom. As for the Missouri Compromise, that was originally a pro-slavery measure, and there was nothing in its repeal to be deplored but the motive which led to it. In itself it was a good thing. It broke down a barrier that stood in the way of Freedom, as well as removed an obstacle to the progress of Slavery. The cause of emancipation had gained more in Missouri, as a consequence, than it had lost in Kansas. The latter was destined to be a free State. The combined power of the South and the Federal Government could not long prevent this. The Dred Scott decision was a needful development, illustrating the utter pro-slavery corruption of our Government—head and heart—revealing the insignificance, moral and intellectual, of our Supreme Bench, and breaking up the traditional reverence hitherto felt for that tribunal, thus removing one of the chief moral props of the Southern slave system. As for the commercial crisis over which the South has been exulting, the boot was now on the other leg. The planting interest was already beginning to suffer from the pressure, and the evidence was plain that the heaviest of its weight was yet to fall in that direction. Cotton had come down nearly 50 per cent. the stoppage of the Lowell and Manchester mills had cut off the demand in New England and Old England, and the war in India had choked the market of Asia. The other staples had fallen in the same ratio. Sugar was without demand, and the damage to the Louisiana planters was likely to be permanent by means of the new sugar-cane lately introduced from China. The recuperative energies of Freedom would soon restore the North to its former prosperity and more than its former wisdom; but there was no resuscitating power in slavery. Breadstuffs and other productions of Northern industry and Western agriculture would get new advantages in the race between them and cotton for ascendancy in the regulation of foreign exchange; and in all material respects the prevailing revulsion would prove an advantage to Freedom. Morally the gain would be still greater. "When the judgments of the Lord are in the earth, the inhabitants thereof will learn righteousness." The judgments of the Lord are now upon the people of this country; they are reaping the fruit of their own doings. This will teach them wisdom. Their morals as well as trade will be restored to a better basis. This, more than anything else, will favour the advancement of the anti-slavery cause.

Thus, according to the report, the so-called unfavourable indications, when rightly considered, are not unfavourable at all; but, on the contrary, full of substantial encouragement. They are signs of progress in the right direction.

The other aspect of the question was then taken up and the sunny side of the picture presented. Slavery was to be abolished at the South by a change of public sentiment at the North. This change was going on with great rapidity. The reversed state of politics, the altered tone of the press, the changed utterances of the pulpit, all indicated this. The literature of the country had undergone a revolution; and all had been effected by the anti slavery movement, &c., &c., &c.

I will not occupy your space with any further account of this document; I only wanted to let your readers know the line of its argument.

As I said in the beginning, the meeting was a good one. People forgot for the time being their money troubles, and were happy. It was a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," from which all who partook came away strengthened and refreshed.

M.

## LETTER FROM WM. LLOYD GARRISON

*To the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.*

BOSTON, Oct. 20, 1857.

DEAR FRIENDS: When I promised to attend your annual meeting, it was my expectation that the Northern Convention, with reference to a dissolution of the Union, would be held at Cleveland, at the time originally contemplated; but as it has been deemed advisable to postpone that Convention for the time being, on account of the paralysis with which the whole country has been struck in regard to all its financial operations and business relations, and which renders it impossible, therefore, to obtain such an expression of Northern feeling and sentiment upon that question as its importance demands, I beg you to excuse my absence, especially as I have been troubled for a fortnight past with feverish symptoms, which admonish me to be careful of all unnecessary mental excitement.

Yet I can do no less than to send you an expression of my warm regards for you personally and collectively, and my testimony as to the state of our cause, and the work that remains to be done.

From a dizzy height of prosperity, which seemed to rest upon an indestructible basis, the nation has been instantaneously hurled into an abyss of bankruptcy, suffering and ruin, as though the seventh angel had poured out his vial into the air, and great Babylon had come in remembrance before God, to give unto her "the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath." In view of its centuries of bloody oppression—its incorporation of chattel slavery into its constitutional existence—its robbery of one-seventh portion of the people of all their rights as human beings, and reducing them to the level of beasts—its atheistical contempt for the "higher law" of God, and idolatry for the lower law of the bottomless pit—its systematic and universal disregard of all the principles of justice and humanity, whereby the foundations of confidence, as between man and man, have been utterly removed—its hot malignity against the divine command to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants therof"—its fierce persecution of such as have been raised up to "plead the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction," and shameless regard for wolves in sheep's clothing and profligate demagogues in the garb of patriotism—its extraordinary growth and abounding prosperity, nevertheless, causing it impiously to exclaim, "Who shall bring me down to the ground?" and its sudden fall to the earth, in its triumphal hour, as though smitten by a thunderbolt from a clear sky, causing "men's heart's to fail them for fear," and the knees of the stoutest to smite together, and the strength of the strongest to become as infantile weakness—it is as though a voice from heaven were saying, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues; for her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her; for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her. Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her."

Of course, in this day of calamity, speculation is busy in tracing the causes of this wide-spread derangement of all our business affairs. The facts are obvious to the most superficial—that the strongest establishments have been crushed like cob-houses, "in the twinkling of an eye"—that millionaires have found themselves swallowed up in a vortex of indebtedness—that failures in every department of trade are taking place unceasingly—that specie payment has been suspended everywhere, indicating a universal inability of the banks to meet their "promises to pay," which means, in other words, universal insolvency—that factories are fast being curtailed in their operations, or wholly closed—that tens of thousands of artisans, operatives and labourers, have been thrown out of employment, and are threatened with a winter of extreme destitution—and that, in regard to all industrial pursuits and enterprises, congestion of the brain and paralysis of the limbs indicate the exact condition of our land, in this day of retributive judgment.

Now, as to the cause of this astounding state of things, there are various opinions—such as that they are to be found in female extravagance, in excess of foreign importation, in fondness for display and high living, in the creation of fictitious stock, *ad infinitum*, in the enormous expansion and sudden contraction of paper currency, in the abandonment of agriculture for traffic, in the vast indebtedness of the West, in speculation run mad, in the practice of giving general and extended credit, in excess of expenditure beyond all possibility of income, in taxing certain raw materials from abroad for home manufacture, and thus rendering it impracticable for our manufacturers to compete in the market with those in other lands—&c., &c., &c. No doubt, all these suggestions are worthy of consideration, and embody a great deal of truth. But the solution of the problem is contained in two words—NATIONAL DEMORALIZATION.

We are a wicked nation and a "fast" people. Our pride, our vanity, our ambition, are paralleled only by our impudence, our barbarity, and our oppression. The god whom we serve is "Manifest Destiny"; the Moloch at whose shrine we kneel is the Slave Power, who causes all, "both small and great, rich and poor, free and bond, to receive a mark in their right hands, or in their foreheads"; and commands that "no man buy or sell save he that hath the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." Like the ancient Jews, our feet run to evil, and we make haste to shed innocent blood; our lips have spoken lies, our tongue hath muttered perverseness; we conceive mischief, and bring forth iniquity; we hatch cocatrice eggs, and weave the spider's web; the act of violence is in our hands; we have made crooked paths, and there is no judgment in our goings: we wait for light, but behold obscurity; for brightness, but we walk in darkness; we grope for the wall like the blind, and we stumble at noon-day as in the night. Their confession must be ours, in the spirit of hearty repentance: "Our sins testify against us; and *as for our iniquities, we know them;* in transgressing and lying against the Lord, and departing away from our God, SPEAKING OPPRESSION AND REVOLT, conceiving and uttering from the heart words of falsehood."

Every nation has its peculiar source of corruption, misery and ruin. Ours is to be found in that Vesuvius of crime, that mælstrom of blood, that pandemonium of oppression, the slave system. Until that be destroyed, there is no peace, no prosperity, no safety, no permanence for our misnamed republic. For a time, as hitherto, we may "wax fat and kick," and audaciously echo the words of Pharaoh, "Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord, neither will I let Israel go"; but there shall come upon us, in their order, those terrible plagues which shall make both man and beast cry out for suffering, and cause our soil to be red with blood.

Let others talk of the immediate causes of the present chaotic state of things as they may; for one, I believe it is owing to the existence, growth, extension and supremacy of slavery, in a preëminent degree. Dishonesty must be an essential characteristic of a slaveholding people; and when was worldly success or Heaven's blessing ever promised in that direction? History, whether sacred or profane, teaches me only this as pertaining to despotism—that it curses the soil, fetters industry, paralyzes invention, destroys wealth, shrivels population, impairs strength, incites to vengeance, spreads pollution, debauches conscience, stultifies intellect, and breeds exterminating judgments. It teaches me, also, that in the train of freedom—true, impartial, all-abounding freedom—there follow light, and health, and large increase—prosperity like the waves of the sea, and the abundance of peace. Hence, by my reverence for God—by my love of man—by my regard for the welfare and glory of the land of my birth—by my heartfelt desire to see all forms of despotism for ever abolished, and universal brotherhood prevail, I am for the immediate abolition of slavery, and for the removal or destruction of whatever stands in the way of emancipation.

American slavery is upheld by two mighty props—Church and State, religion and government—and when these are overthrown, that foul system shall fall to rise no more. The popular religion is undeniably hostile to the Anti-Slavery movement, and horribly perverse in its teachings and practices. It cheats, steals, commits adultery, enforces concubinage, wields the slave-driver's lash, prosecutes the domestic slave traffic, and sanctions every enormity. Its climax of wickedness is in claiming to be the religion of Him who came to open the prison-doors, and to set the captives free; whose injunction is, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," which lays the axe at the root of all injustice; and whose spirit breathed nothing but love and good-will to all mankind. A slaveholding religion is my scorn and abhorrence; and, instead of being deterred from assailing it because it has taken to itself the name of Christianity, I would all the more boldly tear off its mask, and seek its extirpation, on that account.

We have, however, no national religion, or institution of religion, as such; so that the various bodies which make up what we comprehensively call the American Church are to be arraigned in detail, each by itself, none being responsible for the deeds of another. Thus, the American Tract Society, which now, through its Committees and Secretaries, avows its determination not to publish a solitary word against the admitted moral evils and cruelties of slavery, because it would lose THE PRICE OF BLOOD which the South now casts into its polluted treasury, is to be held responsible on its own ground, and pronounced worthy of universal execration. To contribute to its support, under these circumstances, with an intelligent knowledge of its position, is a more guilty act than that of highway robbery. Let it be accursed, in the name of God and his Christ!

A similar condemnation should be bestowed upon that bloated, pharisaical, and self-perpetuating oligarchy, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and upon all the great religious sects and organizations in the land. By affinity of spirit, by selfishness of purpose, they are all with the oppressor, "on whose side there is power," and governed, not by the Prince of Peace, but by "the prince of the power of the air." Spiritual wickedness is inaugurated by them in high places; and they have no other God, no other law, no other standard of judgment, than that of public opinion: in other words they are thoroughly ATHEISTICAL, in the most awful sense of that word. They recognise man-stealing as compatible with a Christian profession; they receive the slave-breeder to their communion as a brother in the Lord; they profess to find in the Bible, which they claim to be the inspired word of God, ample justification for making man the property of man, and make this test conclusive; thus revealing themselves to be "cages of unclean birds, and synagogues of Satan."

But while, religiously, support of slavery is an individual or denominational act, it becomes national by incorporation with the government from which it mainly derives its sustenance and protection. Our fathers committed a fearful sin for themselves and their posterity, when they consented to those slaveholding compromises in the Constitution of the United States, whereby that instrument was made "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," from which have come all our woes as a people. We shall bring a heavier load of guilt upon our own souls, if we do not repudiate that Constitution with horror, and pronounce its requirements to be disloyalty to Heaven, and treason to the cause of human liberty universally. We see what our fathers did not see; we know what they did not know; and if for them there can be found a shadow of excuse, in the terrible exigencies by which they were surrounded, none can possibly be found for us, if we imitate their example.

The great pressing duty of the hour, then, is to seek the separation of the North from the South, the free States from the slave States—first, on the ground that we must not "strike hands with thieves, nor consent with adulterers"—and secondly, because, both by a physical and geographical necessity, that separation will inevitably give the death blow to the whole slave system, and thus terminate our arduous struggle in glorious victory, to the joy of heaven and earth. If, as the venerable Josiah Quincy says, "the Union is the slaveholder's main strength, and its continuance his forlorn hope"; if, as John Quincy Adams says, "The bargain between Freedom and Slavery, contained in the Constitution of the United States, is morally and politically vicious, and inconsistent with the principles on which alone our revolution can be justified," then our watch-word should be, "LET THE COMPACT PERISH! NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

Here is solid ground—from this entrenchment we can never be driven—this embodies all the issues with the Slave Power in one. It must be made the test of genuine patriotism, of incorruptible integrity, of enlightened piety, and of Anti-Slavery fidelity. While the Union stands as it is—while the Constitution remains what it is—the slave oligarchy will continue to wield the destinies of the nation, and nothing can prevent the success of their machinations.

Yours, to smite a slaveholding Union to the dust,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

## ADDRESS OF HENRY GREW,

*Delivered before the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.*

RESPECTED CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS: How joyous would be the hours of our Anniversary had we assembled, as we ought to have done, to announce and celebrate the nation's obedience to the command of the God of justice and of love, to "break every galling yoke, and let the oppressed go free"! Alas! "because judgment against an evil work is not speedily executed, therefore the hearts of the children of men are fully set in them to do evil." If any of the friends of the suffering slave have slept on their watch-towers, his enemies have been wide awake. Their machinations at Washington and in the Territory concerning Kansas—the decisions of the Supreme Court, where righteousness has fallen, and equity cannot enter—the expulsion of faithful men from their homes, who meekly testify against oppression, and the consigning of a respectable coloured man to the Penitentiary of Maryland for ten years, for merely having in his house a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin, are notable specimens of American liberty, showing the determination of the inhuman tyrants to rivet the manacles of their wretched victims. Shall not the Almighty be avenged on such a nation as this? Thus saith Jehovah "I will come near you to judgment; and I will be a swift witness against those that oppress the hireling in his wages, the widow and the fatherless, and that turn aside the stranger from his right, and fear not me, saith the Lord of Hosts." "Even from the days of your fathers ye have gone away from mine ordinances, and have not kept them. Return unto me and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts. But ye said, Wherein shall we return? Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me—even this whole nation."

"From the days of our revolutionary fathers we have gone away from God's ordinance, requiring us to 'do justly' and to proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." When the Almighty Ruler of nations had heard and graciously answered the cry of our fathers for deliverance from an oppression infinitely less than that which they and their degenerate sons have imposed on millions of their brethren, he commanded our fathers to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, and "let the oppressed go free." But instead of obeying their great Deliverer, they sacrificed all their brother's inalienable rights on the altar of their own selfishness, and, forming a league to secure justice to themselves and their own posterity, left their poor brother and his posterity to groan, and bleed, and die in slavery. What a spectacle has this country presented to the moral universe! In the year 1776, the patriots and head-men of the Colonies appealed to High Heaven, protesting against the tyranny of George the Third of England in taxing the people without representation. They rested the justification of their appeal to arms on the principle that liberty is the inalienable right of all men. Then, when they had obtained liberty for themselves, they basely refused the same inalienable right to hundreds of thousands of their brethren, some of whom had aided them in obtaining their freedom; and formed a compact, which, to the coloured man, was a "covenant with death" and an "agreement with hell." It not only left him in his chains, but pledged the combined power of all the States to crush him if he presumed to use the very same means to obtain *his* liberty which they had used to obtain their own!

And what, I ask, is the excuse for this palpably inconsistent and atrocious villany?

The excuse is that the gentlemen of the South were so determined to rob men of their acknowledged rights that unless others would join them in the robbery, they would form no union. And so, forsooth, because one party were determined in their rebellious opposition to God's law of justice, it was right for the other party to join the rebellion, in order to form a union! Because the one party were determined not to cease serving the devil, it was best for the other to turn about and all serve him together! What sort of logic is this for men professing Christianity?

Righteousness, humanity and consistency demanded that no political union should have been formed, no compact agreed to, which made no provision for the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the land. This should have been a preliminary to all negotiation—an absolute *sine qua non.* The Almighty, who hateth oppression, demanded it, and our own profession of regard for human rights before the world demanded it. The neglect to do it was a robbery of God on the part of the whole nation. It was a robbery of divine authority, by disobeying the just commandment to "let the oppressed go free." It was a robbery of the slave's intelligent worship, in a great degree, by chaining him down in a state of mental degradation.

If you could argue every recognition of slavery out of the Constitution, which, as Mr. Quincy observes, would be "like arguing a man's nose off his face"—if you could prove that it does not require that the fugitive slave shall be delivered to his master, that it does not degrade him to three-fifths of a man, and that it did not forbid the abolition of the cursed slave trade for twenty years, still the damning fact remains, that the States formed a Union which gave vitality and strength to the atrocious iniquity of slavery. Their combined power was pledged to maintain it against every insurrection of the oppressed to deliver themselves from its cruel tyranny. By the Union the monster possessed strength which it never had before. The Union, therefore, is justly subject to a double condemnation: first, for not abolishing slavery; secondly, for strengthening it. Consequently, as it has been an unrighteous Union from the first, its dissolution has always been a duty. *It ought to be dissolved, and a Union formed on the basis of doing unto others as we would have others do unto us.* Then, Columbia, when thou shalt "loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free, and break every yoke," "then (and not till then) shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily."

This Union is the idol of the country. "It opposeth and exalteth itself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped." Men of all political parties bow down before it, and sacrifice on its altar righteousness and justice, and all the rights of millions of their brethren, whom the Judge of all the earth (before whose awful tribunal they must soon appear) commands them to love as themselves. This idolatrous love of the Union is worse than death to the slave.

Some, who are eloquent and zealous advocates for his rights, are as eloquent in defending the very Union which robs him of those rights. Concerning such the wretched captive may well say, "Save me from my friends." Alas! we have to lament their inconsistency as one of the formidable barriers to his emancipation.

Mr. Salmon P. Chase, nominated by the Republicans as Governor of Ohio, thus eulogized the Union at the Baltimore Railroad banquet:

"You have spoken eloquently, sir, of railroads as bonds of union, and your observations were as just as they were eloquent. No man conversant with railroads can be a disunionist. The social intercourse which they foster, the ties of business which they create, the mutual dependence which they establish and exhibit, make disunion impossible. There must, of course, be differences of opinion on some points. Real grievances may from time to time demand redress. But there is no evil of which disunion is the proper cure. And the more we see of each other, the less likely shall we be to commit the error of thinking otherwise. The fact is, that we who live along the line of the American Central Railway, don't mean to let this Union be broken up. Maryland will not consent to it, I think. I trust Virginia will not. Ohio, I am sure, will not. Nor Indiana, nor Illinois, nor Missouri. Who, then, will? No, sir. We may differ henceforth, as we have done heretofore. We will retain our respective opinions and positions with candour, courtesy, firmness and resolution. And we will refer whatever question may be between us to the great American tribunal of popular discussion and popular judgment. But in time to come, as in the time past, we cleave to the Union as our ark of refuge, and, under God, our sure guarantee of prosperity and power and abiding glory."

What sort of guarantee, I ask, is this Union, what kind of an ark of refuge is it to four millions of men made in the divine image and of the same blood with ourselves?

Mr. Chase believes American Slavery (the vital strength and support of which, is the present political Union of the States) is a vile system of unrighteousness and inhumanity, of which the entire world can furnish no parallel. What then, let us consider, is the true character of this eulogy, but a vindication of the foundation of an acknowledged wholesale robbery of millions of the human brotherhood of all the rights of humanity! Will Mr. Chase tell us that the blessings of the Union will counterbalance this "sum of all villanies?" Let him put his railroads, his cotton, his commerce, his fraternity with men-stealers, and whatever else he pleases, into the one scale. Let him throw in all his fears of the consequences of doing what he knows to be right, and he shall see *all, all* these kick the beam, the moment we have put in the other scale the God-given liberty of one member of the human brotherhood. All ill-gotten gains are a curse both to individuals and nations.

Let us show Mr. Chase's position, and that of others who accord with him, by a familiar illustration. Suppose a company of thieves have associated to fill their coffers by their marauding exploits on the highway. After awhile some have compunctions of conscience and advocate a reformation of the entire company, but without success. Failing in this, several of the honest converts advocate a dissolution of the union, in order that they may not be partakers of other men's sins. One replies, like Mr. James Freeman Clarke, it is not "my object to preach the dissolution of the Union, and my reason is a very simple one—How are you going to dissolve the Union? The only way is by making" the men "believe that (honesty) is of more value than the Union. You have got to convince them first of that, have you not?" In reply it is affirmed that some are convinced of this; and the question is, Is it not their duty to withdraw from the Union, and to endeavour to convince others that honesty is of more value than a Union in iniquity?

I do not perceive why this simple illustration is not apposite to the case. The Union of the American States, in respect to about four millions of the human brotherhood, is an atrocious confederacy for wholesale robbery of all the rights of humanity, perpetrating an outrage on all those rights, vastly exceeding the outrages of all the bandits on the face of the earth. Mr. Clarke, Mr. Chase and others, in accordance with them respecting the Union, believe this. Now, on the same principle that it is the duty of one or more highwaymen, who are convinced of the iniquity of their vocation, to separate themselves from their associates in crime, it is the duty of those who are convinced of the unrighteousness of the American Union to withdraw from it and advocate its dissolution. Righteousness should have no fellowship with unrighteousness.

As the duty of a highwayman, who is convinced of the sin of robbery and murder, to separate from his wicked associates does not depend on the question whether others are or are not convinced of their iniquity, so neither does the duty of a single State, convinced of the great sin of oppression, upheld by the American Union, depend on the question whether or not other States are convinced of the sin of slavery.

If, indeed, the people of one State, can persuade the people of the other States immediately to cease doing evil, and obey the command of God and eternal Justice, to "break every yoke and let the oppressed go free," then there is no necessity for disunion. Failing to accomplish this desirable issue, the command is plain and imperative—"Come out from among them and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing." The great question which is to determine the duty of any individual man, or State, or nation, is, *Is it right?* Not, is any other man, or State, or nation, willing to do it?

Our respected friend is inconsistent with himself. He says, "I am very glad that the idolatrous love of the Union should be exposed and overthrown. I am very glad there are people who think the right thing to be done is to denounce the Union." Now, if it is right, he ought to join with us. It *ought* to "be (his) way, for this simple reason," that he is bound to go with the right. If it is wrong, then his rejoicing is evil.

We must also, my friends, for the sake of righteousness and humanity, repudiate the doctrine of the Wilmot school, that we have no right to interfere with slavery in the States where it is already established.

In a recent speech, at Jayne's Hall, in Philadelphia, the Hon. David (not the David of the Bible who condemned all men who speak wickedly concerning oppression, Psalms 73: 8) said, "he would not attempt to interfere with slavery where it exists and rests upon State law."

We are not, indeed, to question the right of a State to judge for itself what laws shall be enacted for its government. The Legislature, however, of every political State is bound to judge *righteous* judgment and to enact *righteous* laws. Indeed, statutes which are of an unrighteous character are unworthy of the name of law, and are really destitute of authority.

In considering this important subject, involving the high interest and destiny of the country, it must be remembered that the true moral character of slavery is not a subject of doubtful and diverse opinion. With very few exceptions, unworthy of regard, slavery, abstractly considered, is admitted by the entire community, slaveholders and non-slaveholders, to be a moral wrong; a gross violation of man's inalienable, God-given rights. Abolitionists are not to be condemned for contumaciously opposing an institution concerning the moral character of which good and honest men differ. They are opposing an institution which is an acknowledged subversion of the very basis of all law and of every principle of just government. An institution which contravenes and subverts the avowed grand principle of the American Government itself, and the very object for which that Government was declared to be established, viz.: the maintaining of universal justice between man and man. It is manifest, therefore, that it is not only the right, but the imperative duty of every man to interfere, in every proper manner, and to oppose, with all Christian means, this vile system of oppression defiant of God's law and man's happiness and rights.

In verity, our outraged brethren of the slave States demand our first regard. Their long unrequited toil, their continued unparalleled wo, their multiplied lacerations, both of body and mind, are sending to us on every southern breeze the cry, "MEN AND BRETHREN, HELP US." What is the response of men boasting before the world of their regard for the rights of all men—of men professing to be the followers of Him who came "to proclaim liberty to the captives?" It is, WE CANNOT HELP YOU. We acknowledge the right of your oppressors. We are very zealous that we ourselves and others should not share your sad fate, but we leave you to your destiny.

Suppose a house is on fire. Its inmates, scorching and in danger of death, cry out for help. The reply is, we we will put up no ladder for you, but we will endeavour to save your neighbours. What meaneth this blustering about Free Territory, while the demon of slavery holds in his torturing gripe four millions of our brethren, who might be released from their wretchedness by legislative enactment at once, if the people would insist upon doing to others as we would have others do unto us? What mean our excuses and apologies for suffering this atrocious outrage on human rights in the land, when, in fact, a proper practical testimony against it, on the part of all professing the righteousness of Christianity, would oblige every Legislature to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free? Shame, shame on the American Church! Professing righteousness and fellowshipping the upholders of the most unrighteous system on the face of the earth.

We respectfully propose to Mr. Wilmot and those who agree with him, to test their doctrine by the golden rule. Let them imagine themselves and their own families to be among the millions of victims of this vile oppression of unremitted and unrequited toil; of cruel scourging; of the sundering of the endearing ties of human relationship, and of mental degradation. *Then* let them say whether or not they would be satisfied with efforts designed only to prevent the increase of the evil.

The blasting and ruinous consequences of slavery, in respect to all the interests of the South, have long been known and acknowledged. This important fact has been recently exposed to the nation by a Southern gentleman, Mr. Hinton Rowan Helper, of North Carolina, in a volume of commendable labour, presenting a thorough "comparison between the free and the slave States." This publication, which is specially worthy of the serious regard of the non-slaveholders of the South, most clearly shows that if the Oligarchy of oppressors have been penny-wise in gaining political power to serve the devil, they have been pound-foolish in sacrificing, on his altar, all the interests of their own section of the country.

These statistics (the reliability of which we have no reason to question) exhibit an astounding demonstration of the withering effects of slavery on all material things under the heavens, upon the earth and under the earth. We have here a mass of evidence which, concentrated into a burning focus, will consume in a moment all the sophistry in favour of slavery uttered by the mouth or publications of man since the reign of the slaveholding Pharoahs until that of the inglorious Franklin Pierce.

We thank our friend Helper for *helping* us as much as he has. The perusal of his valuable work, however, would have afforded us more pleasure had we found more sympathy for the suffering and outraged slave, and a more vivid illustration of *his* wrongs and condemnation of *his* injuries. It is true, indeed, that the non-slaveholding whites have been physically and morally degraded by the curse of slavery and "infamously swindled" (as Mr. Helper affirms) by its supporters; but what are their injuries and sufferings compared with those of their coloured brethren? They do not see *their* wives, and husbands, and children lacerated by the cruel scourge, nor torn from them to be sent to a returnless distance. They are not prohibited by State statutes from instructing each other to read God's book, which reveals immortality to dying men. Nor are they hunted by bloodhounds if they choose to remove from one place to another.

Mr. Helper, we think, has done injustice to the slaves by the affirmation that they would be delighted, in nine cases out of ten, to cut their masters' throats. Notwithstanding their unparalleled provocations, the iron heel of slavery, we trust, has not been able thus far to tread out their humanity.

He also informs us that, if he had the power, he would ship all the slaves to the coast of Liberia within six months. This would be a violation of freedom. We protest against it as part and parcel of slavery. We have no more right to do this, than the slaves, if they had the power, would have the right to ship us all off to the European lands of our fathers. Mr. Helper would violate also the divine command which requires us to let them dwell in the place which they may choose and like best. Deut. 23: 15-16. Moreover our intelligent and indefatigable author appears to belong to that class of Abolitionists who are unwilling to limit themselves to Christian means for the abolition of slavery. He tells the slaveholders, "It is for you to decide whether we are to have justice peaceably or by violence, for whatever consequences may follow, we are determined to have it one way or the other." We know full well that this is the heroism of this world; but it is not the heroism of Christianity. The one is the heroism of peace and love, the other the heroism of war and hate. The one requires us to *love* our enemies, the other to *destroy* them. "My soul, come not thou into (its) secret; unto (its) assembly, mine honour, be not thou united." I know that any sentiment which does not recognise the rightfulness of the revolutionary war, finds no reception in the minds of Americans in general. But what did the honoured Commander-in-Chief himself say on this subject, when Christian principle was presented to his mind, by Warner Miflin, at an interview when the General asked him what were his objections to the war? Friend Miflin replied, "General, it costs too much blood." Washington then said, "Mr. Miflin, I honour your sentiments." Washington, in this case *acknowledged* Christian principle: Miflin *practised* it. Perhaps our friends, who say, "peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," will inform us that, on one occasion Jesus told his disciples to buy swords. Well, what else did he tell them? When they said, here are two swords, he said it is enough. Two swords for twelve men! What more did he say? Why, the first moment one attempted to use the sword, he said, "Put up thy sword into its sheath." Now, gentlemen, form your abolition army according to the model. Gather your twelve thousand men. Arm two thousand only; and the moment the first man attempts to use his sword, command him to put it up in its sheath! No, gentlemen, forcibly *you must not*, if you follow the teaching and example of Jesus Christ.

> Friend of the slave, gird on anew,
> Your panoply of everlasting right:
> Your helmet hope, and holy faith your shield,
> Go forth, and with truth's conquering spear
> Pierce the dark heart of vile Oppression's slave,
> Converting him to love.

I cannot close these imperfect remarks without presenting to your serious consideration the chief evil of this vile atrocity of American oppression.

This evil does not consist in its withering influences on all physical things upon the earth and under the earth; preventing their proper development and usefulness; nor does it consist in the mere physical suffering and destitution of the slave. It consists in its far more direful influences on the human mind, and on man's high interests and eternal destiny, as a moral and accountable being. It is an inestimable curse, in this respect, both to the oppressor and the oppressed.

Reason and divine revelation declare to us, in unmistakable terms, that "God will bring every work into judgment." The transitory period of our present mortal life is but a prelude to a future life of indescribable felicity and glory in the promised kingdom of God, or to a "second death," from which there will be no revival. The legitimate tendencies of slavery are to open the wide gate and the broad way "which leadeth to destruction," and to close up the narrow way "which leadeth unto life." On the part of the oppressor, it engenders that spirit of pride and cruelty which is antagonistical to every principle of Christianity, while it is, in itself, the very essence of that unrighteousness which excludes dying men from future blessedness. "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God," is a solemn and fearful appeal which ought to pierce the conscience of every slaveholder, of every politician, of every preacher, of every editor, and of every other man and woman who in any voluntary manner upholds the direful system of unparalleled iniquity, accursed of God and man.

On the part of the oppressed, it not only engenders mental degradation, but the worst passions of depraved humanity. These passions, through fear of the lash and of death, are, indeed, generally concealed, but they are injurious to the spiritual and eternal interests of accountable men. Although we rejoice in the assurance that, by the grace of God, many of them subdue their evil passions and bless those who curse them, and pray for them who despitefully use and persecute them; it is to be feared that others reject a religion which their hypocritical masters represent as justifying the wrongs which sink so deep into their souls. Moreover, among the numerous slaves, who are professors of the Christian religion, it is no breach of true charity to fear, that there are a considerable number who, through the ignorance and stupidity justly attributable to slavery, substitute excitement and fanaticism for the knowledge and holiness of the Gospel of the Son of God.

In conclusion, let me affirm, that motives of unspeakable importance press upon us, my respected friends, to feel our individual responsibility in respect to this subject. Let no man lay "the flattering unction to his soul" that he is innocent, while his heart, and voice, and purse, send back no response to the cry of four millions of his outraged brethren, "men and brethren, help." Let us respond to this heart-rending appeal by withholding our fellowship from oppression, politically, religiously and commercially. Let us, as far as practicable, cease the purchase of the products of unrequited toil, stained with the blood of our brethren. Let us remember we are liable to condemnation not only for sins of *commission* but of *omission.* "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." Let us remember those in bonds as bound with them, and offer our supplications to the God of the poor, that the heart of the oppressor may be opened to pity and love, and (*without the shedding of a drop of blood*) Liberty be proclaimed "throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof." O, my friends, let our labour of love for our suffering brethren never cease, until every chain shall be broken, every captive loosed, and every foot of land in the United States consecrated to the genius of universal emancipation.

## MINUTES.

ON Friday, the 23d of October, the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society met at West Chester, for the purpose of celebrating its Twenty-first Anniversary. At the appointed time the President, JAMES MOTT, called the meeting to order.

In the absence of the Secretary, ISAAC S. FLINT was appointed Secretary *pro tem.*

Introductory remarks were made by LUCRETIA MOTT, after which J. M. MCKIM moved the appointment of a Business Committee, to consist of the following persons, viz.: CHANDLER DARLINGTON, E. M. DAVIS, MARY GREW, S. H. GAY, LUCRETIA MOTT, MAHLON B. LINTON, B. FUSSELL, M. D., SIMON BARNARD, SARAH PUGH, and J. M. MCKIM.

On motion, a Nominating Committee was appointed, consisting of E. M. DAVIS, SIMON BARNARD, M. B. LINTON, H. M. DARLINGTON, ABBY KIMBER.

On motion, Resolved, That the Society meet to-morrow at 9 o'clock, a. m., have but one session, and adjourn at 2 o'clock *sine die.*

On motion, it was resolved, That a meeting be held this evening at 7 o'clock.

A resolution was passed, that the Society adjourn to-day at 12 1-2, p. m., to meet again at 2 p. m.

The Twenty-first Annual Report of the Executive Committee was then read by J. M. MCKIM.

Adjourned.

### AFTERNOON SESSION.

The meeting assembled at the hour appointed. The Annual Report, as read during the morning session, was, on motion, accepted.

The Treasurer's Report was read.

A letter from W. L. GARRISON, explanatory of his absence from the meeting, was read, and listened to with evident interest and attention. [This letter appears in another column.]

The Business Committee reported the resolutions numbered 1, 2 and 3, which elicited a lengthy and interesting discussion which was participated in by E. M. DAVIS, ROBERT PURVIS, ROBERT COLLIER, LUCRETIA MOTT, and THOMAS WHITSON.

On motion, adjourned, to meet at 7 o'clock in the evening.

### EVENING SESSION.

In the evening able and interesting addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. H. FURNESS, MARY GREW, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. The audience, which was in good part composed of the citizens of the place, was respectable in numbers and character, and gave a respectful hearing to the most radical sentiments advanced by the different speakers.

### SECOND DAY.

*Saturday, Oct. 24th.*—Although rainy, and likely to continue so, the audience was much larger than that of the previous day.

After the President had called the meeting to order, the Committee on nominations reported the following persons as officers for the ensuing year.

*President.*—JAMES MOTT.

*Vice Presidents.*—ROBERT PURVIS, THOMAS WHITSON.

*Treasurer.*—SARAH PUGH.

*Corresponding Secretary.*—J. M. MCKIM.

*Recording Secretary.*—REUBEN TOMLINSON.

*Other members of the Executive Committee.*—LUCRETIA MOTT, ABBY KIMBER, JACOB PIERCE, M. J. BURLEIGH, BENJAMIN C. BACON, MARY GREW, E. M. DAVIS.

The Business Committee reported resolutions numbered 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, pending the consideration of which addresses were delivered by the Rev. HENRY GREW, the Rev. Mr. KARSCHER, and SYDNEY HOWARD GAY. The resolutions were then taken up separately, and finally adopted after a long discussion, participated in by LUCRETIA MOTT, ROBERT PURVIS, E. M. DAVIS, B. R. PLUMLY, J. M. MCKIM, MARY GREW, LEVI COATES, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY and others.

J. M. MCKIM offered the resolutions numbered 9, 10 and 11, and they were adopted

The Finance Committee made their report.

MARY GREW offered the following resolution, which, after some discussion, was unanimously adopted,

Resolved, That the Executive Committee of this Society be requested to appeal, by letter and otherwise, to its members and well-wishers, for the pecuniary aid needed in the present exigency, and that the hope is hereby expressed that the friends of the cause, in the country districts, will not be wanting to make these appeals effective.

The hour fixed for adjournment having arrived, the President declared the Convention adjourned *sine die.*

REUBEN TOMLINSON, Secretary.

### RESOLUTIONS

*Adopted by the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.*

1. Resolved, That in, meeting to-day to celebrate the Twenty-first Anniversary of our formation, this Society has reason to rejoice in the maturity and vigour of its organization, and to congratulate itself that, in heart and hope, in principle and purpose, its strength has undergone no abatement.

2. Resolved, That in the signs of the times, unpropitious as they seem politically, and gloomy as to many they are, in a commercial point of view, the well-grounded Abolitionist sees no sufficient cause for discouragement or despondency.

3. Resolved, That our faith in the truth of our principles is unshaken; that we believe our cause, being the

cause of God and humanity, will move steadily forward in spite of all obstacles, real or apparent; that though our movement may receive a temporary check, or be obscured by a passing cloud, its course must still, like the path of the just, shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day.

4. Resolved, That as our hope of success lies in a radical change of the public sentiment which sanctions the existence of slavery, rather than in the triumph of a party which would limit its extension, our chief regret in the failure of the Republicans at the last Presidential election was in the evidence it afforded of the ignorance, prejudice and corruption that still prevail in the North, and especially in our own State of Pennsylvania.

5. Resolved, That while we would not question the good intentions of many of our Republican brethren in their mode of action; and while we are free to admit that whatever of anti-slavery truth they may be the means of diffusing is of appreciable value to the cause; we, nevertheless submit, that the evil inherent in and incidental to their plan of operation counteracts the good; that they have no moral right to acquiesce in the one for the sake of the other—thus doing evil that good may come; and that while the same ends are to be accomplished by means not liable to the same objections, they are, if not without excuse, without justification.

6. Resolved, That as the compact of the Federal Government which binds the North to "deliver up" the Fugitive Slave and "suppress domestic insurrections," is the foundation and support of this Southern slave system, any ostensible plan of anti-slavery action based on this compact, or assuming practically or theoretically its validity, is on its face an absurdity, and unworthy of confidence.

7. Resolved, That as the people of the Free States, by virtue of their Federal obligations, support, as on their shoulders, the chief weight of the slave system, the first and last demand of the Abolitionists should be, "stand from under—annul the compact—wash your hands of the iniquity—be no longer parties to such an infamous bargain—*dissolve the Union*."

8. Resolved, That in the election of James Buchanan to the Presidency, the cherished hopes of the slaveholders have thus far been realized; his course of policy towards Kansas and his letter to the New England clergymen proving him to be a pro-slavery politician, whose consistency on that subject is still "without a flaw."

9. Resolved, That the Dred Scott Decision of the Supreme Court—a decision in which the doctrine is laid down that a man of African descent is not, and cannot be, a citizen of the United States, and in which the opinion is covertly implied, that the black man has no rights whatever, which the white man is bound to respect—is a decision worthy of the Constitution of which that tribunal is the authorized expounder, and furnishes additional evidence that the Government of the United States is, in its essential structure, hopelessly pro-slavery.

10. Whereas, The avowed object of the American Tract Society is "to promote the interests of vital godliness and sound morality"; and whereas American Slavery is a heinous sin against God and a gross violation of all morality; therefore,

Resolved, That the American Tract Society, by its uniform course of refusal to utter any condemnation of this system of iniquity, and thereby compromising with the powers of darkness, for the sake of securing the coöperation of the South, has broken the divine command to rebuke all sin, and has proved itself guilty of shameful inconsistency, and unworthy of the patronage of all who have any love for their fellow-men.

11. Resolved, That our grateful acknowledgements are due to the Abolitionists of Great Britain and Ireland, for their hearty coöperation in our cause, and our earnest desire and confident hope is that we may continue to enjoy in the future, as we have in the past, the benefit of their valuable services.

## *PERSONAL.*

The American Sculptor, Mr. Thomas Crawford, died in London on the 10th inst., at the age of 43 years.

Ex-Governor Myron H. Clark intends permanently establishing himself in business in this city.

Anthony Burns, the fugitive, whose recapture in Boston produced such an excitement a few years since, is now a student in the Fairmount Theological Seminary, near Cincinnati. He has been studying a year or so past at Oberlin.

Mrs. Dr. Rush, a lady celebrated in the fashionable world, died at Saratoga last week, after an illness of two months. She was the wife of Dr. James Rush, of Philadelphia, and daughter of the late Jacob Ridgeway. She spent several years in Europe, and was the charm of the social circle in which she moved.

A finely executed portrait of Ernestine L. Rose has been issued by Grozelier, the well-known Boston artist. Among the female speakers of the country few excel Mrs. Rose either in intellectual ability or eloquence. Not a few of those who have seen and heard her will be glad to possess themselves of her likeness.

Mrs. C. H. Dall, of Boston—well-known to many of our readers as a woman of excellent acquirements and a staunch reformer—has prepared three lectures, which she is ready to deliver before lyceums during the ensuing winter: one on Light and Colour, another on Human Rights, and the third on the Power and Dignity of Woman. Friends who have heard her assure us that she is an excellent speaker.

Gerrit Smith, we regret to say, is detained in this city and confined to his bed by severe illness. He came hither a fortnight ago, and, having accomplished the object of his visit, started for home, but finding himself ill on the way, concluded to return to the city for medical advice and treatment. His disease is Typhus fever, aggravated by severe neuralgia. His suffering has at times been extreme, and his friends have not been altogether free from anxiety as to the result; but his physician is, we understand, confident that he will recover. He is among his kindred and under the watchful care of his wife and daughter, and at last advices his symptoms were thought to be improving. We hope to be able to announce his thorough convalescence next week.

Henry Shaw, once a very prominent Massachusetts politician, died at Peekskill, N. Y., on the 17th inst. The Boston *Transcript* says:

"Nearly forty years ago he was a member of Congress, with apparently a brilliant career before him, but all his prospects were blasted by the support which he gave to the pro-slavery party at the time of the Missouri contest, 1820–21. In common with most Northern men who then threw their influence on the side of the South, he was ruined; and though he was sometimes in office afterwards, it was never in high office, such as was equal to his talents. But for the error which he then made, he would probably have risen high in the councils of the State and the nation, as his intellect was great, his character pure and his knowledge extensive. He resided for a great part of his life at Lanesboro', Berkshire County, where his remains were buried on the 20th, his funeral being numerously attended."

Elizabeth Oakes Smith has published a card announcing that impaired health, induced by travel in inclement seasons, and engrossing literary occupations at home, will prevent her from appearing in the lecture-room the ensuing winter. She says:

"I regret this very greatly, for a call implies the duty of obedience; and I am happy to say that the appearance of a woman in the lecture-room is far from being an unpopular thing with the people, as might be testified by proofs from nearly every State in the Union. The opinion is gaining upon an enlightened public, that tools belong to the one that can use them; that the limit of capacity is the limit of sphere to either sex; that God does not impart to either men or women talents which they may 'bury in a napkin,' but designs them for use, to promote human good.

"Every year shows an increase of intellectual and artistic power among women; and the necessity of supporting themselves, forced upon the thousands of cultivated women in the country, must and will gradually impel them into the professional ranks. Such being the prophecy of the times, I feel much regret at being obliged to suspend my career in a profession alike honourable and lucrative—a career which should not be an anomalous one in a country which recognises no privileged class, and accepts of no aristocracy, not even that of genius. Another year, I shall hope to be prepared with a series of lectures to meet the kind wishes of my many friends, whom I desire thus publicly to thank for their kindness and courtesy."

Joshua R. Giddings lately visited Ravenna, Portage Co., Ohio, and delivered a political address. *The Reformer* says:

"As his giant form rose to view on the stand, crowned with his white locks of age and honour, a thrill of intense interest hushed the vast assembly, as if it was holding its breath to catch the last words of a Patriarch of Liberty. That giant frame, though yet erect, is shaken by age, and is unequal to the task of giving voice and expression to the impulses of the great and true soul, which, in manhood's prime, made the halls of the Capitol reverberate with its evangel of Freedom, and whose tones were heard, like an inspiring bugle-blast in the vanguard of the fight. That hand which has so often flung aloft the flag of freedom on the breeze of Congressional debate, and carried the banner of dismay, defiantly to the centre of the enemy's camp, has lost the muscle and vigour of its youth. But one could see that his great heart throbbed, like the form of the caged eagle, for its youthful breadth of pinion, and its manhood's tireless wing of thought, argument and eloquence. He dared not give way to the inspiration of the occasion, which roused his soul beyond the strength of his body. His appearance and words reminded us of the great King David, as he, in life's decline, summed up his experience and observation to his son Solomon, with that sublime aphorism: 'He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God.'"

The eulogistic obituary of the late George W. Parke Custis, which appeared in the *National Intelligencer* is thus translated by the *Chicago Tribune*:

The above is one of the most delicate pieces of placid satire that has ever come under our observation, even in the quaint old *National Intelligencer*. Indeed, the point of the irony is so happily concealed that we venture the assertion, not half the readers of the *Intelligencer*, outside of Washington and Arlington, would be aware of the barb rankling down under this mass of rhetoric. For the enlightenment of its numerous subscribers throughout the West, we supply a translation of the sarcasm.

"Mr. Custis died at Arlington, near this city, after a brief illness, on the morning of the 10th instant. For several years he had stood alone in his relations to the immortal Washington, seizing upon the occasion of every public dinner to make a tipsy speech, commencing: 'Dandled upon the lap of the Father of his Country, I——;' whence he came to be known in gastronomical circles as the Inevitable Custis. His departure will awaken the sentiment of surprise that the event had not transpired some years earlier.

"Born amid the great events of the Revolution, he found his home during childhood and youth at Mount Vernon, where his manners might have been formed after the noblest models, had not nature interposed and stamped him a dolt. He was early united in marriage to Miss Mary Lee Fitzhugh, of Virginia, a lady of unsurpassed excellence in all the relations of life, vindicating her woman's nobility by avoiding the society of her husband for many years previous to her death, on account of his notorious licentiousness—a licentiousness which was strictly Virginian in its impartiality for colour. It is argued that he was a consistent member of the Democratic party.

"Mr. Custis was distinguished by an original genius for the eloquence of the dinner-table, and still more so for zeal in displaying it. His forte, however, was in the department of the fine arts. Many members of Congress during the past thirty years will call to mind his persistent adornment of the Rotunda with products of his studio, which would have disgraced the sign board of any tavern in Illinois. People jeered his daubs, but he persevered with the undaunted spirit of an Angelo; consequently it could have been no lack of ambition to excel, which prevented his becoming one of the first masters, but rather a native incapacity for form, and deranged conceptions of colour.

"His patriotism was unbounded. Never having been placed in an emergency calling for personal valour, he will not occupy the pages of our country's history, to an invidious length, but from his known anxiety to be arrayed on the tented field, we infer there were more ardent patriots than Mr. Custis. Those familiar with the columns of the *National Intelligencer* will not forget how largely the country is indebted to Mr. Custis's eagerness to see his name in print.

"Thousands who have visited Arlington to look upon the memorials there treasured up, of him who was the first in the hearts of his countrymen, will not forget the mortification excited by the thought that George Washington Parke Custis was the keeper of those memorials, and that he could ever have passed a moment in the society of George Washington.

"Long a believer ——."

This is what the *Intelligencer* intended to have us understand, and when thus brought down to the comprehension of the rural districts, it has the merit of plain unvarnished truth.

## *THE MORMONS.*

The latest advices from Salt Lake Valley apprise us that the Mormons were in a high state of excitement in view of the approach of the troops sent out by the U. S. Government. They were resolved to resist the ingress of the troops. Capt. Van Vliet, who was sent by Gen. Harvey to Salt Lake City, to procure information as to the condition of affairs, returned to Fort Laramie Sept. 28. A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from that place, says:

"He (Capt. Van Vliet) left his escort on Ham's Fork, about twenty miles west of Green River, and proceeded to the city, attended only by his own servants. He had been assured by every party he encountered on the route for the States that his visit would be attended with personal danger; but, on the contrary, he was received and treated with the utmost hospitality, offered many facilities for ascertaining the condition of the Territory and the disposition of the inhabitants, and no obstacle was put to his departure. An official dinner was given in his honour by Heber C. Kimball, and he had daily interviews with Brigham Young and the other dignitaries of the Mormon Church.

"Their expressed determination, from first to last, was this: to resist at all hazards the ingress of the troops this Autumn. When they were reminded of the certainty that in case their resistance one year should be effectual, a force would be despatched to Utah the next, against which twice their population in arms would strive in vain to close the passes, they replied that they had considered all that, and that when such a force had stormed those passes they would enter a valley in which not one shrub would be green nor one stone remain upon another. They took pains to show him their gardens and vineyards, their harvest, barns, houses and live stock, and to contrast their present prosperity with such a scene of desolation. Their object now, they said, was to gain time to enable the National Government to retrace its steps, and they intend to present their case to Congress through their delegate, Dr. Bernhisel, who accompanied Capt. Van Vliet on his departure, and is now in his camp.

"They said that they would regard the entrance of the troops as the beginning of a repetition of their sufferings at Kirtland, Independence and Nauvoo: that they had learned a lesson from experience, and would now meet aggression at the start, and resist the wedge before it should enter the wood; if they could not keep the troops out this year they would sacrifice all for their religion, take to the mountains, and fight a war of glory and extermination. Brigham Young remarked repeatedly that this was the most glorious era of his faith, and that a happier day never dawned on Mormonism than that on which the advance of the troops was ordered, for the more his Church was persecuted the more it would thrive.

"On Sunday, Sept. 13, Capt. Van Vliet was asked to attend religious services in the Bowery, and was escorted to a prominent seat upon the platform, and invited to make an address, which invitation he declined. By counting the number of persons upon certain tiers of benches he estimated the audience to exceed 4,500. After some remarks by Heber C. Kimball, a discourse was delivered by Elder John Taylor, formerly editor of *The Mormon*, the newspaper organ of the Church in New York City. At the close Mr. Taylor called the attention of the people to the Captain, and alluded to his business in the city, recounted the substance of his conversations, and said that he would make a request in order that Capt. Van Vliet might learn that he had been made acquainted with the determination of the whole people; he would ask that all those present who were willing to raze their houses, burn their crops, pull down what they had passed ten years in building up, make their beautiful valley a desert, and retreat to the mountains, in case the troops should force an entrance, would rise; and the audience, without exception, rose to their feet, and remained standing long enough to enable him to see that they were absolutely unanimous."

Authentic reports of sermons preached to the Mormon people on Sunday, Aug. 30, by Heber C. Kimball, Brigham Young and others are filled with threats of vengeance against the "Gentiles," interlarded with the most disgusting profanity. Here is a specimen of the sort of "stated preaching" which is enjoyed by the saints of Utah. We quote from a discourse of Heber C. Kimball:

"If this people should consent to dispossess Bro. Brigham Young as our Governor, they are just as sure to go to hell as they live, and I know it, for God would forsake them and leave them to themselves, and they would be in worse bondage than the children of Israel ever were.

"Supposing this thing (the coming of the troops) blows over and they don't come up here, but they begin to flatter us and be friendly, what will be the result? They may flatter as long as the earth stands, but I never will be subject to one of their d——d pusillanimous curses. They may court and flatter as much as they please, but I never will be subject to them again—no, never. Do you hear it? [Voices—"Yes."] Do you think we will submit to them? No, never. They have cut the thread themselves."

Practical Philanthropy.—We invite the attention of our country readers to the circular in another column, from the Children's Aid Society, announcing that that Society has determined to aid in finding homes and employment at the West for the thousands of "sober girls, of good character," in this city, who, in consequence of the great financial revulsion, have been deprived of the means of earning their livelihood during the approaching winter. It is believed that not less than ten thousand girls have been discharged from various manufacturing establishments in this city within a few weeks past, and there is every reason to apprehend that many of them will be reduced to the dreadful alternative of beggary or prostitution before the winter is over, unless employment can be obtained for them in the country. It is currently reported that there is a great lack of houseworkers at the West, and the Children's Aid Society has kindly undertaken to mediate between those who need labourers and those in want of employment. The greatest demand is supposed to exist at the West, but we presume the Society will be as ready to accept employment for girls in this and the adjoining States as in Illinois, Wisconsin, or Minnesota.

Kansas.—A telegraphic despatch, dated at St. Louis, Oct. 26th, says:

"A protest, signed by several prominent citizens of Kansas, was filed on the 15th inst. against the fraudulent returns from Oxford Precinct, Johnson County; and in reply to it, after a personal examination, Messrs. Walker and Stanton publish a proclamation in *The Herald of Freedom* of the 20th, in which they express a determination to reject the entire vote of Oxford, and to give certificates to the Free State candidates. The proclamation produced intense excitement among the extreme Pro-Slavery men, and threats of vengeance against Governor Walker and Secretary Stanton were made."

The Border Ruffians claimed to have cast 1,614 votes at Oxford. At least 1,550 of these votes were fraudulent, the population at Oxford being small. The names entered on the poll-books were fictitious. The effect of the fraud, if it had been consummated, would have been the election of the Border Ruffian candidates for the Legislature from Johnson County, thus giving the pro-slavery party the entire control of the body. The rejection of the fraud—if it shall turn out to be rejected, and no other and more successful villany be hatched up—will be to give the Free State party control of the Legislature.

Convention at Cleveland.—The *Anti-Slavery Bugle* of last week announced that a local meeting would be held at Cleveland on Wednesday and Thursday of this week—the time originally fixed for the great Northern Convention. Abby K. and Stephen S. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, C. L. and C. P. Remond, Susan B. Anthony, Lucy N. Colman, Wm. Wells Brown, Aaron M. Powell and Rev. A. T. Foss were all expected to be present. We hope to hear a good report of this meeting.

*Later.*—Just as we are going to press, we find the following telegraphic despatches in the daily journals:

Cleveland, O., Wednesday, Oct. 28, 1857.

Notwithstanding the postponement of the Disunion Convention, over one hundred delegates from nine or ten States met here and organized to-day. Marius R. Robinson, of Ohio, was appointed President and Vice-Presidents were selected from each Free State. Business Committees were appointed. Addresses were made by Mr. Parks of Pittsburgh, Abbey Kelley Foster and others. A resolution strongly condemning the action of the Committee of Arrangements in the postponement of the Convention was passed unanimously. The Convention will continue in session through to day and to-morrow.

SECOND DESPATCH.

The resolutions set forth that the signers to the call, the delegates and others friendly to the objects of the Convention, see no sufficient reason for the postponement of the Convention, especially at so late a period, many of the delegates only learning of its postponement on their arrival here, and that good faith, self-respect and responsibility to the cause of humanity and freedom compel our adherence to the original design, and that we, without questioning the motives of the Committee of Arrangements in postponing the Convention, will hold one for the promotion of the object contemplated in the original call.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Business Committee reported a series of resolutions, setting forth the antagonism of Freedom and Slavery, and the impossibility and guilt of any attempt at the union thereof, and commanding slaves to rise in the spirit of 1776 and achieve their own freedom.

Speeches were made by A. M. Powell, of New York, and C. C. Burleigh, of Connecticut, setting forth the doctrines of the disunionists.

Fire at Eagleswood.—On Tuesday night last a fire broke out in the gas-house at Eagleswood (Perth Amboy, N. J.), destroying that and the buildings containing the steam apparatus for supplying the Eagleswood school and dwellings with water and heat. The school (of which Theodore D. Weld is the principal) will not, probably, be suspended many days, as the steam-boilers, engines, &c., are but little injured, and measures are already taken for rebuilding. The school has increased, in spite of the financial troubles, more than fifty per cent. on last year's number of pupils, having now 60 scholars.

The Fugitive Slaves in Canada.—On the first page will be found the first two of a series of articles from *The Tribune*, upon the moral, social and pecuniary condition of the Fugitives from American Slavery, who have found an asylum in Canada. The writer is understood to be a distinguished professional gentleman of this city, whose integrity and candour are alike unimpeachable. We commend his statements to the careful consideration of our readers, believing them to be worthy of confidence.

Littell's Living Age, No. 701, opens with a review of the works of Bishop Berkeley. 321 Broadway.

## *TO HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS AT THE WEST.*

It has long been the greatest complaint with housekeepers at the West, that sufficient female help could not be obtained. There are now in our city thousands of industrious, sober girls, of good character, who are thrown entirely out of employment. Many of these are desirous of going to the West, and becoming house servants or domestics.

The difficulty has hitherto been, to find some responsible medium to connect those without work and those wanting work done. The Children's Aid Society has determined—though the effort is somewhat out of its usual field—to attempt during this season to connect this supply and demand. To do this, and to aid these thousands of poor girls, the West must also lend a hand. They must not expect well-trained servants in these girls, as they are not accustomed to house labour; still they are willing and able to learn, and only need patience and kindness. Every allowance should be made for mistakes and delays in the beginning of such an enterprise. Those applying must send the fares, as far as they are able; in all cases the Society will return the money, if no girl is found to answer in general the description forwarded. Let not that, which is said to have broken down all previous enterprises of this kind, ruin this—the utter neglect of the West itself to give a helping hand. It is an effort to benefit both sides; the unemployed here, and the families there.

All letters must be addressed to "Branch Office, Children's Aid Society, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York."

The applications enclosing fares will always be attended to first. There will be an understanding, and, if possible, a written agreement with each girl, that her fare is to be deducted from her wages.

Parties applying will state exactly their wants, the wages offered, their Town, County and State, and the cheapest and best way of reaching the place. References from the clergyman, magistrate, or other responsible persons of the town will, in all cases, be demanded. It will be the endeavour of the Society to send out none but girls with good references, and who are represented to be of good character.

C. L. Brace, Secretary.

## Summary.

Proposed Enslavement of Sepoys.—The *European Times* (Liverpool), speaking of the resubjugation of India, and how to treat the natives, says the way "is to deport them to the colonies, and make them labour, for the remainder of their lives, in raising sugar and other tropical products."

Escape of Negroes.—The Norfolk *Herald* of Wednesday says: "Between Saturday night and Monday morning last, two valuable negro men belonging to W. H. Wilson, two negroes belonging to Joseph Carter, one negro woman of James Murdough, and some four or five other negroes of different owners, made their escape from Portsmouth, Va., to the North, via the Underground railroad."

Convention of Bishops—Southern University.—The bishops, clergy and lay members of the Episcopal Church, to whom the subject matter has been committed, will assemble in Montgomery on the 25th of November, to perfect the plans for the establishment and endowment of a Southern University under the control of the Church. It is expected, we believe, that the bishops of all the slaveholding states will be present, with two or three exceptions.—*Charleston Courier, 19th.*

Current Omens.—Rev. T. J. Quigley, the prosecutor of Brother Long, strongly endorses Mr. Burritt's project of buying up the slaves. He says it is "among the most important transactions of the day; the nucleus, it is to be hoped, of the conservative principles which pervade the mass of mind, both North and South, throughout our country." We supposed it would strike such men favourably, as a first rate opiate for all anti-slavery men who could be induced to swallow it.—*Northern Independent.*

Categorical Answer.—At the last session of the Circuit Court, held at Mason, Ingraham County, several young men were examined for admission to the practice of law. One of the Examining Committee, was Mr. O. M. B., a prominent loco foco politician. During the examination the following scene occurred:

*Mr. B.*—"Mr. R., can you give me an instance of *law* with a total absence of *equity*?"

*Mr. R.*—"Yes, sir."

"What is it, sir?"

"*The Fugitive Slave Law.*"

Mr. B. was satisfied.—*Detroit Advertiser.*

"Heart of a Slaveholder."—The *Journal of Commerce* publishes a noble letter from a gentleman in the South, who desires information of the condition of the Liberian Colony, or of any other means by which he may fulfil his benevolent and self-sacrificing purpose of devoting his property, lately inherited from his father, to the removal of more than a hundred slaves, included therein, to a situation of happiness, freedom and security. We must demur, however, to the appropriation of this generous purpose as a compliment to the peculiar institution. We should say that the *Journal's* correspondent, so far from being distinctively a *slaveholder*, was an Abolitionist of the most thorough-going sort. Among our extremest agitators, we fear there would be few found willing to go as far as this in pecuniary sacrifices to the rights, happiness and freedom of the negro slave.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

Died in Slavery.—When Col. T. B. Thorpe left Baton Rouge in 1849, he carried with him to the North an old and favourite negro woman, long attached to the family, who, of course, became free when she went to a free State to live. This freedom was more than the old woman could endure, although remaining with the kind family which she had known so long. At her own earnest solicitation, she was sent back to Baton Rouge, and, arriving here, voluntarily took her place as a slave in the family of the late Judge Elam, where she continued to live up to the day of her death, which occurred a few days ago. Her last illness was attended by one of our first physicians, and every kindness that could be bestowed by the humane family, under whose roof she sought a home, surrounded her death bed.—*Baton Rouge (La.) Advocate, Oct. 6.*

"Preach the Gospel."—The following letter, recently sent to the editor of the *Sabbath Recorder*, shows what kind of papers are regarded contraband in the South, and, consequently, what kind of a gospel men must preach there, if permitted to live there, and preach anything at all:

"To the Editor of the *Sabbath Recorder*:

"Dear Sir: I have been notified to examine your paper, and find it contrary to the laws of this State to hand it out of my office. You had better discontinue the paper. Your subscribers here, are Rev. Samuel D. Davis and P. Pond. I shall retain your paper and not hand it out of my office.

"M. W. Ball, P. M.

"Janelew, Lewis Co., Ky., Aug. 18, 1857."

"Baker University" is the name selected by the Methodists for a new literary institution which they propose to establish in Kansas. The managers lately adopted the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That no one who habitually uses tobacco shall be eligible to the Presidency, or to fill any chair in the faculty of Baker University."

Brethren of the "quid" will please take notice, and govern themselves accordingly.

A Fugitive Slave and Horse-Thief.—On Sunday, the 4th inst., a fugitive slave was arrested in Chester, Illinois, as a horse-thief. He confessed to having stolen the horses, and also that he was a fugitive slave, having left his master, Dick Mason, in Memphis, Tennessee, about four years ago. When informed that the penalty for horse-stealing was to be sent to the penitentiary, he was anxious to have his master informed of his case, as he much preferred slavery to imprisonment. But, having since escaped from the officers who had him in custody, it is probable he will not immediately either return to his master or go to Alton.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

The Providence *Journal* chronicles the following application of the Dred Scott decision by the Washington officials: "Thomas Howland, a very respectable coloured man, a stevedore of this city, has decided to try his fortunes in Liberia. His wife and daughter accompany him; the latter proposes to engage in teaching, for which she has qualified herself in our public schools. Mr. Howland applied, through a notary, to the State Department at Washington, and the application was sent back with the following answer, without date or signature, the officials seeming to regard it an insult that a man born on the American soil, a citizen and a voter of one of the States of the Confederacy, should have the presumption to ask for a certificate of his nationality: 'Mr. Martin must certainly be aware that passports are not issued to persons of African extraction. Such persons are not deemed citizens of the United States.'"

Uncle Tom.—The Charleston *Courier* denies the story that "Rev. Samuel Green, of Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Md., a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, has been sent to State prison for ten years, for having in his possession a copy of Uncle Tom's Cabin"—the editor adding: "Uncle Tom's Cabin is read at the South, by whoever chooses to read it—not secretly, but openly."

*Zion's Herald* was the first to make the charge above mentioned, and we shall be very happy to retract it whenever evidence is given that it is a mistake. Unhappily we know too well that it is a fact. The assertion that "Uncle Tom's Cabin is read at the South by whosoever chooses to read it," is very absurd, when in that very State it is a criminal offence to teach a slave to read. The Rev. Samuel Green, a Methodist minister, of the "Northern" M. E. Church, we think, was not one of the kind of men that are permitted to "choose"—he is a coloured man.—*Zion's Herald.*

Fun at Cambridge.—The President and Faculty of Harvard College, on exhibition day, found a splendid dinner, ordered for them, already eaten when they arrived at the hotel. The Sheriff of Middlesex had invited the grand jury to dine with him at the same house, and the waiters taking it for granted that they were the College officers, showed them to the hall where the table was splendidly set for the Faculty. The latter took the disappointment good humouredly, and enlivened the plain dinner that was extemporized for them with many spicy jokes on the subject. The Faculty of Harvard sent recently to the parents of the students the annual scale, exhibiting the rank of each student for the year according to scholarship. A few days after, some of the senior class prepared a second circular, professing to give the general rank of their class for the whole period of their study. On this list the order was reversed, the poorest scholars being placed first, and the best at the end. The anxious parents who received this last circular, were, many of them, astonished and grieved, and letters of inquiry have since been pouring in upon the Faculty. It was cakes and ale to the students who were in the secret.

Queer Story.—We take the following from the Wakulla (Fla.) *Times*, of the 14th October, and give it for what it is worth:

"A friend informs us of the following occurrence, which is reported to have taken place recently at Attapulgus, Ga. A gentleman, who had received a considerable sum of money, was compelled to go from home, leaving his wife alone in the house—situated some distance from any other dwelling. Toward evening, two negroes entered the house, and demanded of the lady the money, or they would take her life. Being a woman of great coolness, she saw at once that it would be useless for her to attempt to evade the demand; so she produced the money and gave it to them. The negroes then remarked that, as supper was nearly ready, they would stay and eat with her. She told them to be seated until she got it ready. The woman had a vial of strychnine in her cupboard, and, in sweetening their coffee, managed to put a dose of the poison in their cups. They drank, and in a few moments they were dead. The neighbours were called in, and the negroes discovered to be white men in disguise—neighbours and friends of her husband, who had known of his receiving the money, and of his absence."

Curious History of a New York Slaver.—It has already been stated that the barque Paez had been captured as a slaver near Havana. Capt. Palmer makes a report to the Consulate of the United States and to the Spanish government, in which he says he cleared at the Custom House in New York for St. Thomas, with a cargo for that port, after which the vessel was to go after guano to the Sombrero islands, and no other voyage was ever intimated to him. A pilot for the voyage was furnished, as was stated, because he was familiar with the business, and the localities where the best material could be obtained. Going on deck one morning after they had got to sea, Capt. Palmer was informed by the pilot that he had assumed command. When Capt. P. gave orders, which he did in order to see how he stood with the seamen, he was told that the crew acknowledged no Captain but the pilot, and that they would obey no other. And as they mustered too strong for him he was not able to resist the violence offered, and desisted from attempting to control the vessel or her voyage. His life would have been sacrificed if he had not listened to the mild reasoning of the pirates.

Capt. Palmer is said to be a very intelligent person, of high toned moral principles, and with impressive and interesting personal appearance and deportment. The flag and signals of the ship he tore and cut to pieces as soon as he found the object of the pirates, to prevent their use for protection in their iniquity, and the papers of the vessel he secreted among his clothing, all of which were given up to the Government as soon as he was taken on board of the war schooner.—*Boston Traveller.*

The Redeemed Slaves.—Many of our friends in this city and vicinity will recollect the slave, Lewis, who came into our Reform Association last Anniversary week, accompanied by his coloured friend, Mr. Gross, who served chiefly as his spokesman. Lewis was out, under bonds, to procure subscriptions for the purchase of himself and family out of slavery. It was not from Algerine, or Turkish, or Indian captivity that this man was begging for funds to redeem himself and family, but from American Christian (?) slavery. Nearly fifty dollars were made up for him at our Reform Association, and he obtained enough in all to get himself, wife and a part of his children free. We have just received a letter from his friend, Mr. Gross, addressed through us to the Universalist brethren of our Association, as follows:

"Dear Sirs and Brethren: I take my pen in hand to say to you that I am well, and family. I wish to let you know that I got home in time to pay the money for Lewis; and he got his freedom, and his wife and two children. We had a great time the day we got home with Lewis and his wife. She shouted 'Glory to God' all day. I paid the money and got them free papers, and we crossed the Ohio river and came into a free State. But I had to engage five hundred dollars apiece for the four oldest children, to be paid in two years. Lewis has gone to hard labour to get the money. He sends his love to all the friends of freedom. I hope you will let all read this letter. I should be glad to hear from you soon.

"Yours, Tubbs Gross.

"Ripley, Ohio, Oct. 1, 1857." [*Boston Christ. Freeman.*

An Americanized Japanese.—Among others leaving for the east on the steamer to-day, is Joseph Heco, who goes on to Washington as private secretary of Senator Gwin. This young man, now about 19 years of age, is one of a party of 17 Japanese, picked up at sea by the bark Auckland, and brought to this port in 1850. This party, it may be recollected, was found in one of their native junks having suffered shipwreck, and subsequently been drifted out over a thousand miles to sea. They have all been returned to their native land except three, who are now in this city: one in the employ of Wells, Fargo & Co., a second in the service of a party unknown to us, and the third, as we have said, engaged to go with Dr. Gwin to the national capital, where his superior intelligence, good address, and perfect familiarity with our and his own native language, will no doubt secure him employment in the service of the government either as interpreter or some other public capacity. This youth, owing to his talents and excellent character, was taken, shortly after his arrival in the country, by Col. Saunders, then collector of the port, and properly protected and educated. He was afterwards inducted into commercial life in the house of Macondray & Co. About the time our government was opening negotiations for establishing an intercourse with Japan, Joseph went on to Washington, where he remained some six months, having been introduced to President Pierce and other officials during the time. Since his return to San Francisco he has been residing with families of the first respectability. Heco is probably the only well-educated and Americanized native of Japan now residing in the United States; and as such, will, without doubt, become a very serviceable agent in our intercourse with that nation.—*San Francisco Town Talk, Sept. 5th.*

Two Negroes Burned Alive.—A correspondent of the Camden (Ark.) *Herald*, writing from Hamburg, Ashley County, Ark., under date of 19th ult., furnishes us with the horrible details of a tragical affair that occurred recently in that vicinity:

"The good citizens of Extra Township, lying some twelve miles south of this place, were, on Wednesday morning last, thrown into a high state of excitement by the commission of one of the most brutal and atrocious murders that was ever perpetrated. The particulars of this dreadful affair, so far as I have been able to gather them, are as follows:

"There lived in Extra Township a widow lady named Hill. She being sick, and having no one to wait on her, one of her neighbours, J. L. May, sent a negro woman to attend her. On Friday night last (according to the subsequent confession of one of the negroes) her house was entered by a white man, named Miller, and two negro men, one belonging to a Mr. Norrell and the other to a Mr. Perdue. After violating the person of the unfortunate woman by the indulgence of their hellish appetites, they coolly and deliberately murdered her. The negro woman attempted to escape, but it was all in vain, for she had only got outside of the gate, when she was overtaken and cruelly murdered. The bodies of the two unfortunate victims were then placed in the house and it set on fire and consumed to ashes.

"The next morning all the negroes in the neighbourhood were summoned for the ostensible purpose of working the road, but in fact for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, a clue to the perpetrators of the crime. One of the guilty negroes, fearing detection, would not stand an examination, and broke from the party, mounted his master's horse, and made his escape to the woods. The next day, however, he was decoyed in by another negro, was arrested, and confessed the whole matter, implicating the above named Miller and the other negro. The two negroes were to-day, in the presence of the excited multitude, and upon the spot where the murder was committed, burned at the stake. The man Miller was present, and the negro who confessed told him to his face that he was guilty, and even from the very flames reproached him with having been the cause of the horrible deed. The other negro protested to the very last that he was innocent of the crime, and that he knew nothing of the murder.

"The excitement has spread all over the country, and fears are entertained that some difficulty may grow out of the transaction between the owners of the negroes and the parties acting in the premises."

A Curious Fugitive Slave Case has just occurred here, and is not yet decided. In June, 1856, Mr. Louis Clephane, a well known anti-slavery gentleman connected with *The National Era* newspaper and Secretary of the Republican Association received a letter apparently from Boston, informing him that there was in that city a coloured woman, Matilda Smith, who three or four years before had run away from her master, a Mr. Martin, of Maryland, with whom she had opened a correspondence, and from whom she had received a letter offering to sell her for $75, she being old and blind of an eye and not worth much as a fugitive in Massachusetts. Mr. Clephane was requested by the writer of the letter from Boston to buy the woman if Mr. Martin would adhere to his agreement. Accordingly Mr. Clephane wrote to Mr. Martin, who came to Washington, and very readily and with apparently entire good feeling executed a bill of sale of Matilda Smith to Mr. Clephane, by whom she was of course manumitted in due form of law. Mr. Clephane states that during their interview Mr. Martin's conduct and language were those of a gentleman who was performing an agreeable action in a frank and courteous manner. He inserted in the bill of sale a description of the woman, at the request of Mr. Clephane, who had never seen her, and in fact has not seen her to this day.

About last Christmas, Matilda came to Washington, or at least appeared here as a free woman, and engaged herself as a hired servant in the family of a gentleman of the city, where she has lived quietly until Friday evening last, when she was arrested by the police as a runaway slave, and committed to jail. On Saturday morning she was brought before a magistrate and examined. Mr. Clephane testified to her manumission, and brought forward Mr. Martin as a witness, who admitted that he had sold the woman to Mr. Clephane for $75, but that he was induced to agree to the sale by fraudulent representations. He alleges that the woman never was in Boston at all, but has been concealed in Washington. The statement that she had escaped to the North he avers to be a trick to induce him to part with his property for a trifle. He further states that the slave is not his, but his wife's, and that the bill of sale is worthless, as he has no right to sell his wife's property. If this last statement be correct, the sale was of course a fraud, for which the seller is liable to punishment. The consideration of the case has been postponed till Thursday next. Meantime, Matilda remains in jail.—*Washington Cor. (Oct. 20) Tribune.*

Flogging a Schoolmaster.—A correspondent of *The Tribune*, writing from Washington, says:

"I will give you an incident which has just occurred, which may or may not be significant of that success of slave society in which we are so deeply interested. There is a private school for boys, a sort of high school, at the corner of I and Seventeenth streets, not far from the President's House. It is one of the oldest and most reputable schools in Washington, and has had for teachers in successive years several men of note and eminence, among them Rufus Choate of Boston, and Governor Chase of Ohio. The present head is Mr. Loomis, a graduate of Dartmouth College. This morning he had occasion to chastise on the hand with a ferule one of his pupils, the son of Major Emory of the United States army, who has just returned from service on the Mexican Boundary Commission, I believe. The boy was in the room of Mr. Loomis's assistant teacher, and behaved so badly that the assistant was forced to send him into the room of the principal, to whom he made a complaint of the pupil's conduct. The boy was called up for punishment, and three moderate blows with a ferule given him on the hand. A fourth and last blow the boy warded off with his elbow, causing the ferule to glance and touch him on the forehead, where it left a slight mark—a mark so slight that the teacher at the time did not perceive it. After school the boy went home, and in all probability misrepresented the matter to his father, who went at once to the school-house, which is also the teacher's dwelling-house, and assailed Mr. Loomis with the most violent abuse. Mr. Loomis made no reply except to remark that if Major Emory were acquainted with all the circumstances of the affair he would probably change his opinion about it. As he said this he was at the door bowing to the departing Major, who suddenly turned and delivered a heavy blow with his cane upon the head of the teacher, whose politeness probably saved his life, for the blow fell upon the back part of the skull where it is thickest. The surgeon who dressed the wound is of opinion that on any other part of the head it might have been fatal. As it is, the injury was very severe. What adds to the lustre of this exploit of the gallant Major is the fact that Mr. Loomis is a cripple, incapable of resistance to such an assault, some accident having maimed his right hand of the thumb and one or two fingers. The affair has made much sensation among the teachers of the city, who are, naturally, not a little disturbed at such a high-handed outrage on one of the most respected of their number.

"A writ was issued to-day for the arrest of Major Emory, on the charge of assaulting Mr. Loomis, but as yet no officer has been found willing to serve it. A constable, who was applied to, demurred on the ground that the Major was a very fine man."

## NOTICE TO DONORS.

We take the liberty of reminding those who have unpaid pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society that their payment at this time would be exceedingly welcome, as funds are greatly needed: The financial pressure bears as hard upon us as upon other people, while our resources are fewer, and the Society is compelled, therefore, even more unreservedly than usual, to throw itself upon the generosity of its friends. It solicits not merely the payment of pledges already made, but new donations.

Funds may be forwarded to Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York, according to the convenience of location.

A. K. Foster, who is acting as the financial agent of the Society, and is now travelling in the West, is also authorized to receive Pledges or Donations.

In this connection it is proper also to urge upon subscribers to this paper a prompt payment, where they have not already been met, of bills recently issued. Remittances should be made, wherever it is possible, either in coin, post-office orders, or New York city bank bills, and should be sent to this office.

## Special Notices.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH

## NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The undersigned again call on all interested in their cause—the cause of Freedom, so deeply important, not only to the three millions of American slaves, but to the American nation and to entire humanity—for immediate aid, by contributions of money and materials, and by purchase at the next Bazaar; to be opened in Boston,

On the 17th of December.

Contributions of money at the present time will enable members of the Committee now in Europe to add to the attractions of the exhibition, still further, and, in consequence, to increase the funds, which are to be expended, as heretofore, by the American Anti-Slavery Society, in awakening the whole country, through its newspapers, books and various agencies, to the necessity of extinguishing slavery.

Our principle is too well known to need more than a mere statement. It is, immediate, unconditional emancipation, without expatriation, and by peaceful means. From a growing conviction of the justice and necessity of this work, for the good and honour of all concerned, every measure possible to be taken will inevitably spring without delay. *Our* funds, therefore, will be devoted to the primary work of arousing and engaging the public mind; which, as fast as it awakens, never fails to find a way to work its will—through Church action, by agitation and withdrawal—by State action, through the customary political channels, or by the profounder policy of creating others—by legislative and judicial changes—by individual efforts in the manumission of slaves and the protection of fugitives—by economical measures prompted by the greater advantages of free labour—by humane feelings creating a preference for its products.

What we ask of the citizens around u , just awakening to some one or other of the manifold aspects of this great question, is, to enable us to continue the use of the means that have proved so efficacious in their own case, and to sustain the primary cause of whatever Anti-Slavery effects they observe and desire to promote.

Let those who labour for an Anti-Slavery National and State administration, furnish voters with the only sufficient motive to any Anti-Slavery effort, by working with us, so to excite the love of liberty, that every man shall take the risk of trampling down slavery wherever it meets him.

Let them that pity the hunted fugitive, who sees in every Northern man a betrayer, bound to that base function by the great organic law of his country, take the means most effectual to turn the betrayer into the protector, by helping us everywhere to awaken a stronger sentiment than compassion for the millions who cannot fly: of whose case it was too truly said by a New England poet of the earlier time, before school-books were expurgated by slavery—

"Their wrongs compassion cannot speak."

Let all take warning to co-operate with us, from those earlier days when slavery, instead of dying out, as was prophesied, began to grow stronger, because there was then no such fountain head of moral power as we commend to the attention of the whole land to-day.

We do not make this appeal in a sectional spirit as Northern-born, interfering with matters that not concern us. We make it in grateful acknowledgment of the benefits we have received from the anti-slavery cause, desiring to communicate them to others. We have all been connected personally with the system of slavery. One has known the evil power of its money temptations; another has felt its political despotism; another its perverting social influence; another its corrupting ecclesiastical bondage; another yet has been identified by Southern birth and education with the slaveholders, and sustained the legal relation of ownership to the slave; while not unfrequently among our most efficient members have been the wives of slaves, driven from us by the operation of laws from which we cannot protect them, and which make us liable to ruinous fine and crushing imprisonment, as they have done on associates erewhile. But we all, with one accord, testify to the truth of the anti-slavery principles, and entreat the aid of all whom this appeal reaches, to deliver the country from such a despotism, by their promulgation.

☞ "The Liberty Bell" will be published as usual; and we entreat all our friends who have heretofore aided us by literary or pecuniary contributions, to let us hear from them once again, *as speedily as possible*.

☞ Our friends in Europe will not fail to take notice that the Bazaar is to open *a week earlier than usual*.

Contributions may be addressed to Mrs. Chapman, 21 Cornhill, Boston, or to the other members of the Committee at their respective homes.

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| Maria Weston Chapman, | Mary Gray Chapman, |
| Mary May, | Elizabeth Gay, |
| Abby Kelley Foster, | Henrietta Sargent, |
| Louisa Loring, | Sarah Russell May, |
| L. Maria Child, | Mattie Griffith, |
| Eliza Lee Follen, | Caroline Weston, |
| Anne Warren Weston, | Susan C. Cabot, |
| Ann Greene Phillips, | Mary H. Jackson, |
| Sarah Shaw Russell, | Sarah Blake Shaw, |
| Frances Mary Robbins, | Lydia D. Parker, |
| Helen E. Garrison, | Eliza F. Eddy, |
| Ann Rebecca Bramhall, | Evelina A. S. Smith, |
| Sarah H. Southwick, | Elizabeth Von Arnim, |
| Mary Willey, | Augusta King, |
| Abby Francis, | Eliza H. Apthorp, |
| Anna Shaw Greene, | Justine de Peyster Hovey. |

☞ The Philadelphia Fair Circle will meet at Lucretia Bond's, No. 622 North-Twelfth street, on Wednesday evening, November 4.

☞ Twenty-Second Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair.—This Fair will be held in the City of Philadelphia, on the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th days of December, 1857. The object and mode of operation of American Anti-Slavery Fairs are so well-known that an explanation of them, in the columns of an anti-slavery journal, is unnecessary. The purpose of this Circular is to remind our coadjutors that the time has come for vigorous effort in the work of preparation for our next Fair. The need of money for carrying on our enterprise is increasing, for the methods by which it may be efficaciously used are multiplying themselves in every department of our labour. The signs of the times are promising of most glorious success to the patient and persevering worker. They whose faith needed to be confirmed by sight now see the results of twenty-five years of agitation of the subject of slavery in this nation. The North is aroused, alarmed, indignant; and from the South come startling testimony to the character of its "peculiar institution," and earnest protests against its unutterable corruption and its unmitigated evil. Now is the time for the labours of the uncompromising Abolitionists to insure a rich harvest. They who have laboured long and faithfully in the arduous work of our Anti-Slavery Fairs will, we trust, unite with us in our efforts to make our Fair of 1857 all the cause demands it should be.

Any contributions of money or merchantable commodities will be thankfully accepted by the Committee, and donations may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee.

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| Sarah Pugh, | Maria Conklin, |
| Sarah L. Child, | Sarah Pierce, |
| Lucretia Mott, | Emily W. Taylor, |
| Rebecca S. Hart, | Rebecca Plumly, |
| Huldah Justice, | Elizabeth Carman, |
| Evelina Supplee, | Mary A. Hall, |
| Mary Shaw, | Susan W. Shaw, |
| Emma Parker, | Anna M. Child, |
| Martha Carman, | Elizabeth Clendennon, |
| Hannah L. Stickney, | Martha Kimber, |
| Mary T. Stickney, | Abby Kimber, |
| Margaretta Forten, | Sarah Kenderdine, |
| Gulielma M. Jones, | Elizabeth M. Davis, |
| Lydia White, | Martha A. Galvin, |
| Margaret J. Burleigh, | Margaret A. Griscom, |
| Mary Grew, | Rosanna Thompson, |
| Elizabeth I. Lewis, | Anna Shoemaker, |
| Sarah A. McKim, | Lydia Gillingham, |
| Harriet D. Purvis, | Caroline Wise, |
| Clementina R. John, | Marian Jane Mitchel, |
| Anna M. Hopper, | Elizabeth Magee, |
| Maria M. Davis, | Mary M. Jennings, |
| Janette Jackson, | Rachel Wilson. |

☞ New York Anti-Slavery Fair.—The undersigned, a Committee of The New York Fair Association, formed within the last year in this city, announce that their FIRST ANNUAL FAIR will be held during the second week of December next. The Committee solicit the aid of the friends of the anti-slavery cause here and elsewhere.

The appeal is confidently made to the women of this State, among whom there is, no doubt, a general feeling that the time has come for an effort of this kind; and that New York, the largest and wealthiest city in the country, should no longer, in this respect, be behind Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Worcester and other places, which have for many years contributed largely to the support and efficiency of the cause.

The Committee urge the formation of Sewing Circles for the manufacture of articles for sale, or, where that is impracticable, individual effort for the same end; also donations of money, which, if speedily forwarded, can be put into goods which will sell at a large profit. They will be glad to receive from persons residing in the country any kind of saleable produce, of the first quality, that they may be able to send.

Further particulars as to time of holding the Fair and forwarding the goods will be published hereafter.

Letters may be addressed to Elizabeth Gay, Secretary, or to either of the undersigned Committee of Management, at the Anti-Slavery Office, 138 Nassau street.

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| A. H. Gibbons, | Maria R. de Peyster, |
| Elizabeth Gay, | C. C. Frothingham, |
| Rachel W. Baker, | Harriet M. Palmer, |
| R. D. W. Hopper, | Henrietta W. Johnson, |
| Sarah B. Shaw, | Mary A. W. Johnson, |
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The American publisher most respectfully begs leave to call the attention of yearly subscribers to the very liberal inducements held out to them in the annexed statement of Premiums.

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Correspondents will please be particular and write plainly the Post-office, County and State, as post-marks are often illegible.

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JOHN JANSEN, Publisher, 126 Nassau street, New York.


State of New York, Secretary's Office, Albany, August 31, 1857.

TO the SHERIFF of the COUNTY of NEW YORK.

Sir: Notice is hereby given that at the General Election to be held in the State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of Joel T. Headley;
A Comptroller, in the place of Lorenzo Burrows;
An Attorney-General, in the place of Stephen R. Cushing;
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Silas Seymour;
A State Treasurer, in the place of Stephen Clark;
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Henry Fitzhugh;
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Norwood Bowne;
A Judge of the Court of Appeals in the place of Hiram Denio;
All whose terms of service will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, two Justices of the Supreme Court for the First Judicial District, in the place of William Mitchell, whose term expires December 31, 1857, and one in place of Charles A. Peabody, appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of James R. Whiting.

Two Justices of the Superior Court, in the places of Joseph S. Bosworth and Thomas J. Oakley, deceased.

A Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in the place of Daniel P. Ingraham.

A Justice of the Marine Court, in place of Florence M'Carthy.

Also, a Senator for the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Senate Districts, consisting of the City and County of New York.

A Member of Assembly for each of the Assembly Districts in the City and County of New York, viz.: The First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Assembly District.

A Surrogate, in place of Alexander W. Bradford.
A Recorder, in place of James M. Smith.
A District-Attorney, in place of A. Oakey Hall.
And a Register, in place of John J. Doane.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. Yours, respectfully,

J. T. HEADLEY, Secretary of State.

Sheriff's Office, New York, Sept. 8, 1857.

The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirement of the statute in such case made and provided.

JAMES C. WILLETT,
Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Statutes, vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.


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## Miscellaneous Department.

### FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.

NONSENSE: it is nothing of the kind. And the best way to prove this, if we would only take the trouble so to do, is to collect and adduce groups of instances in which joys and successes, happy enterprises, fortunate determinations, world-improving schemes, have been initiated on Friday. Do not, good reader, deem this process of proof beneath you: it is always worth while to remove prejudices; for to show the fallacy of aught that is untrue, is to render due allegiance to that august lady who is said by some learned men to "live at the bottom of a well."

Not that we can ever remove such prejudices entirely. To whatever subject science has not yet reached, there luck and ill-luck maintain a sovereignty in popular belief. Lucky numbers have had a prodigious reputation ever since the days of the astrologers, and long before. Three, four, five, six, seven, nine, ten, twelve, twenty-one—all have had advocates, as being numbers to which certain special attributes pertain. Number seven had a long reign, but it is being gradually deposed; for the talk of seven metals and seven planets will no longer accord with the discoveries of modern times. We know—indeed the number of such believers is still considerable—a person of education and general good sense, who would refuse to sit down at table if the number of diners were thirteen; he would rather have a domestic servant included among the guests, or would go without his own dinner, or would retain a supplementary guest at hand for exigencies, than be placed under the cloud of the dreaded thirteen. Ask him why; he can only say it is "unlucky." Ask him why it is unlucky; he can only say, "because it is." In the old days of lotteries, when it was optional in the purchaser to select a ticket of any particular number, the theory of lucky and unlucky numbers was in full power. Some adventurer in the lottery would select the number representing his own age; another, the current year of the Christian era; another, the year in which he was born; another, the number of pounds in the greatest prize; another, a number revealed to him in a dream. The *Spectator* discourses of a nonconformist, who, being a great enemy to popery, and believing that bad men are the most fortunate in this world, selected 666 against any other number, because it is the number of the Beast. Lotteries are now dead by law in England; but let us only look down the advertising columns of the sporting newspapers, and consider how astounding is the credulity there implied; seeing that men will give money to knavish charlatans for the expressions of a *guess* concerning the name of the horse that will win in the forthcoming Derby, Oaks, or St. Leger race. If a man would toss heads and tails with himself, it would be better; for the guess would be just as good, and he would save the charlatan's fee; but in either case, it is a relic of the old feeling, a belief in lucky numbers or lucky names.

Certain days of the year have had celebrity, either as lucky or unlucky days; sometimes only in the thoughts of individuals, but occasionally throughout wide circles of society. There was a queer little volume published two centuries ago, something midway in character between Buchan's *Domestic Medicine* and the *Young Man's Best Companion*, in which it is said: "Six days of the year are perilous of death; and therefore philosophers forbid men to let blood on them, or take any drink; that is to say, January 3, July 1, October 2, April 30, August 1, December 21. These six days with great diligence ought to be kept, but mainly the latter three, for all the veins are then full. . . . . If any child be born in these three latter days, they shall die a wicked death." In an old Roman calendar, on the 13th of December, prognostications of the weather were drawn for the whole year. Another old weather-book asserts that the feast of St. Barnabas and the feast of St. Simon and St. Jude are often tempestuous days. A writer of the Elizabethian times enumerated no less than sixty "unlucky" days in the year; the month of January was especially unfortunate in this matter; for the 1st, 2d, 4th, 5th, 10th, 15th, 17th, and 29th days of this month were included in the doleful catalogue. The ancients had their *dies albi* and *dies atri*—"white days" and "black days." St. Augustine, in commenting on a passage in St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, says that it was meant to apply to those persons who regulated their conduct by reference to the particular day of the month, or to the age of the moon, or to the relative position of the planets, or to the year being leap-year, &c. There are many old missals and breviaries, produced before the days of printing, which contain a sort of calendar in Latin, enumerating the days in the year which are to be regarded as unlucky: these are January 1 and 7, February 3 and 4, March 1 and 4, April 10 and 11, May 3 and 7, June 10 and 15, July 10 and 13, August 1 and 2, September 3 and 10, October 3 and 10, November 3 and 5, December 7 and 10; all kinds of miseries—swords, slaying, dying, blood, wounds, drinking to death, treachery, malaria, serpent's venom, scorpion's sting are associated with these days. To our perplexity, however, the unlucky days do not at all accord with those given by the Elizabethian writer. A treatise was published in 1678 with the sole purpose of proving that the 14th of October is a lucky day; because "our magnanimous magnificent sovereign, James II., was born upon that augural day"; because that day

Gave the Norman duke
That victory when he England's sceptre took:

because Edward III. safely landed on that day after his tempestuous voyage from France; because the siege of Calais by the French king was frustrated on that day; and because on that day, in 1557, a treaty of peace was signed between Rome, France, and Spain. When a date is said to have some connection with a particular state of the weather, the assertion is worthy of a little more attention; since modern meteorolgists have found themselves justified in looking out for meteors on certain days in August and November, and since the sun's place in the ecliptic may have much to do with the weather; therefore, when it is stated that the feast of St. Barnabas, and that of St. Simon and St. Jude (June 11th and October 28th) are likely to be stormy days; or when it is stated by Dr. Forster in his *Perennial Calendar*, that the 15th of September is fine in six years out of seven—the assertion may possibly rest rather upon science than upon superstition.

Particular days of the week, again, have had their lucky and unlucky attributes in the minds of some persons. Stow remarks that Thursday was connected with many disastrous events in the career of Henry VIII. and those of his line. A book published during the reign of Charles I., discoursed on the unlucky characteristics of three Mondays in the year—namely, the first Monday in April, as that on which Cain was born and Abel was slain; the second Monday in August, as that on which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed; and the last Monday in December, as that on which Judas was born. In the old *Statistical Account of Scotland*, under the heading of Logierait in Perthshire, the inhabitants of the parish are spoken of as being prone to the belief in lucky and unlucky days. "The day of the week on which the 14th of May happens to fall, for instance, is deemed unlucky through all the remainder of the year. In fevers, the illness is expected to be more severe on Sunday, than on other days of the week; if easier on Sunday, a relapse is feared." In the parish of Kirkwall, the same authority states that many of the inhabitants "will neither go to sea in search of fish, nor perform any sort of work at home," on certain days of the year.

In Caithness, "no gentleman of the name of Sinclair will put on green apparel, or think of crossing the Ord, upon a Monday. They were dressed in green and they crossed the Ord upon a Monday on their way to the battle of Flodden, where they fought and fell in the cause of their country, almost without leaving a representative of their name behind them. The day and the dress are accordingly regarded as inauspicious. If the Ord must be got beyond on Monday, the journey is preferred by sea." Supposing these statements to be true, in reference to the time when Sir John Sinclair collected the materials for his valuable work, it would be interesting to know whether the subsequent period has been marked by any changes in the popular belief in question.

But Friday is the unlucky day, *par excellence*, according to the opinion of the million. Singular, indeed, is it to notice how wide-spread is this credence or credulity. Some writers, who claim to know all about the chronology of early events, even to days and hours, tell us that Adam and Eve ate the forbidden fruit on Friday, and died on Friday; hence the inauspicious characteristics of that day. Others have picked out a few Fridays in connection with events and persons at the time of the introduction of Christianity, and have made poor Friday responsible for ever afterwards. For the greater part, however, the dictum has been accepted without any troublesome inquiry into its cause or authority; we know that the cat breaks everything, no other culprit coming forward; and on some such principle, Friday is selected as a scapegoat among the days of the week. The Spaniards have a pretty general opinion that it is unlucky to begin any enterprise on Friday; and the Finlanders couple that day with Monday in the same bad list. The *Statistical Account of Scotland*, already quoted, tells us that, half a century ago, in some parts of Banffshire, "few persons would choose to be married on a Friday." Richard Cœur de Lion was killed on a Friday, and the event was chronicled in a ballad, in which Friday is frowned upon forever more. A Shropshire adage holds the balance evenly between this day and the other days of the week; for it announces that Friday has always either the *best* or the *worst* weather in the week. Seamen are the most redoubtable defenders of the ill-Friday theory; they generally dislike to start for a voyage on that day; and some of the bluff old admirals and captains are believed to retain the prejudices in this matter imbibed in the early days when they served before the mast. In 1848, it was whispered at one of our southern ports that the port-admiral had delayed the departure of a ship in the government service for one day, in order that Friday might give place to the better-omened Saturday. If you tell a seaman this is pure nonsense, he will quote you instances in abundance. He will adduce the case in which, to disabuse sailors of their prejudices, a ship-owner caused a ship to be laid down on Friday, launched on Friday, sent forth on her first voyage on Friday, and placed under the command of a captain named Friday; the ship was never again heard of. He will tell you that the Amazon West India mail-steamer left Plymouth on her first voyage on Friday, January 2, 1852, and was burnt to the water's edge, with a loss of 115 lives; and that the Birkenhead troop-steamer, which left Southampton on that very same day, was wrecked in her voyage, with a loss of 454 lives. He will tell you that one of the survivors of the Amazon joined the ship on a Friday, procured his register-ticket on a Friday, received his appointment on a Friday, left London in the ship for Plymouth on a Friday, and sailed from that port on a Friday; and that a foreboding of disaster arose in his sailor-mind when this list of Fridays came to his recollection.

But what the sailors have *not* told, and what the ill-Friday believers have not cared to inquire about, is the number of disasters that occur upon, and are associated with, the other six days of the week. Let them give poor Friday fair play, and he will come up to a level with his companions. If it be a catalogue of shipwrecks, burnings, or other disasters, why not inquire whether such do not occur on other days of the week in as large number as on Friday? If it be a list of fortunate or happy events, why not search candidly for a fair seventh of these on Fridays? The Great Mogul, Aurungzebe, is said to have exclaimed: "O that my death may happen on a Friday, for blessed is he that dieth on that day!" but as we do not know why he adopted this theory, we can say nothing further about it. As an example, however, of the mode in which a sensible person may upset a stupid prejudice, we will quote a passage from an American newspaper, shewing that the great republic, at all events, has had no reason to consider Friday an unlucky day: "On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery; on Friday, October 12, 1492, he first discovered land; on Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, if he had not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent; on Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety; on Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America; on Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America. On Friday, March 5, 1496, Henry VII. of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America: this is the first American state-paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the Mayflower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbour of Province Town, and on the same day they signed that august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock. On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom, was born. On Friday, June 16, Bunker Hill was seized and fortified. On Friday, Oct. 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, Oct. 19, 1781, the surrender at Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 7, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent." We have not verified these dates; but supposing them to be correct, they certainly set Friday up to a premium, so far as America is concerned. But we do not want any premium; all we ask is—*fair play for Friday.—Chambers's Journal.*

From The National Era.

### THE GARRISON OF CAPE ANN.

FROM the hills of home forthlooking, far beneath the tent-like span
Of the sky, I see the white gleam of the headland of Cape Ann.
Well I know its coves and beaches to the ebb-tide glimmering down,
And the white-walled hamlet children of its ancient fishing town.

Long has passed the summer morning, and its memory waxes old,
When along yon breezy headlands with a pleasant friend I strolled.
Ah! the autumn sun is shining, and the ocean wind blows cool,
And the golden-rod and aster bloom around thy grave, Rantoul.

With the memory of that morning by the summer sea, I blend
A wild and wondrous story, by the younger Mather penned,
In that quaint *Magnalia Christi*, with all strange and marvellous things,
Heaped up huge and undigested, like the chaos Ovid sings.

Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence—outward, mean and coarse and cold;
Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden threads of romance weaving in a web of hodden gray.

The great eventful present hides the past; but, through the din
Of its loud life, hints and echoes from the life behind steal in;
And the love of home and fireside, and the legendary rhyme,
Make the task of duty lighter, which the true man owes his time.

So, with something of the feeling which the Covenanter knew,
When with pious chisel wandering Scotland's moorland graveyards through,
On the tombs of old traditions flowers of song I fain would twine—
Wipe the moss from off the tablet, and retouch the faded line.

Where the sea-waves back and forward, hoarse with rolling pebbles, ran,
The garrison-house stood watching on the gray rocks of Cape Ann;
On its windy site uplifting gabled roof and palisade,
And rough walls of unhewn timber with the moonlight overlaid.

On his slow round walked the sentry, south and eastward looking forth
O'er a rude and broken coast-line, white with breakers stretching north—
Wood and rock and gleaming sand-drift, jagged capes, with bush and tree,
Leaning inland from the smiting of the wild and gusty sea.

Before the deep-mouthed chimney, dimly lit by dying brands,
Twenty soldiers sat and waited with their muskets in their hands;
On the rough-hewn oaken table the venison haunch was shared,
And the pewter tankard circled slowly round from beard to beard.

Long they sat and talked together—talked of wizards Satan sold,
Of all ghostly sights and noises, signs and wonders manifold;
Of the spectre-ship of Salem, with the dead men in her shrouds,
Sailing sheer above the water, in the loom of morning clouds.

Of the marvellous valley hidden in the depth of Gloucester woods,
Full of plants that love the summer, blooms of warmer latitudes;
When the arctic birch is braided by the tropic's flowery vines,
And the silver-starred magnolia lights the twilight of the pines!

But their voices sank yet lower, sank to husky tones of fear,
As they spake of present tokens of the powers of evil near;
Of a spectral host, defying stroke of steel and aim of gun;
Never yet was ball to slay them in the mould of mortals run!

Thrice, with plumes and flowing scalp-locks, from the midnight wood they came,
Thrice around the block-house marching, met, unharmed, its volleyed flame;
Then, with mocking laugh and gesture, sunk in earth or lost in air,
All the ghostly wonder vanished, and the moon-lit sands lay bare.

Midnight came; from out the forest moved a dusky mass, that soon
Grew to warriors, plumed and painted, grimly marching in the moon.
"Ghosts or witches," said the Captain, "Thus I foil the Evil One!"
And he rammed a silver button from his doublet down his gun!

Once again the spectral horror moved the guarded wall about;
Once again the levelled muskets from the palisades flashed out,
With that deadly aim the squirrel on his tree-top might not shun,
Nor the beach-bird seaward flying with his slant wing to the sun.

Like the idle rain of summer sped the harmless shower of lead;
With a laugh of fierce derision once again the phantoms fled;
Once again, without a shadow on the sands the moon-light lay,
And the white smoke curling through it drifted slowly down the bay!

"God preserve us!" said the Captain, "never mortal foes were there,
They have vanished with their leader, Prince and Power of the Air!
Lay aside your useless weapons, skill and prowess nought avail;
They who do the Devil's service wear their master's coat of mail!"

So the night grew near to cock-crow, when again a warning call
Roused the score of weary soldiers watching round the dusky hall;
And they looked to flint and priming, and they longed for break of day;
But the Captain closed his Bible: "Let us cease from man, and pray!"

To the men who went before us, all the Unseen Powers seemed near,
And their steadfast strength of courage struck its roots in holy fear.
Every hand forsook the musket, every head was bowed and bare,
Every stout knee pressed the flagstones as the Captain led in prayer.

Ceased thereat the mystic marching of the spectres round the wall,
But a sound, abhorred, unearthly, smote the ears and hearts of all—
Howls of rage and shrieks of anguish! Never after mortal man
Saw the ghostly leaguers marching round the block-house of Cape Ann.

So to us who walk in summer through the cool and sea-blown town,
From the childhood of its people come the solemn legend down.
Not in vain the ancient fiction, in whose moral lives the youth
And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth.

Soon or late to all our dwellings comes the spectres of the mind,
Doubts and fears are dread forebodings, in the darkness dim-defined;
Round us throng the grim projections of the heart and of the brain,
And our pride of strength is weakness, and the cunning hand is vain.

In the dark we cry like children; and no answer from on high
Breaks the crystal spheres of silence, and no white wings downward fly;
But the heavenly help we pray for comes to faith and not to sight,
And our prayers themselves drive backward all the spirits of the night.

J. G. W.

### A LEAP IN THE DARK.

ONE of the gentlemen who visited Mount Sinai in company with Bishop Clayton, happened, on his return to England, to pass through Sicily. Though by no means a person of romantic character, he had a fancy for wandering about mountains, for getting belated in forests, and supping by the light of wood-fires under a rock. It was perfectly natural, therefore, that he should wish to visit mount Etna, look at the great chestnut-trees, and examine that marvellous belt of vegetation, so admirably described by the commandant Dolilnian, which encircles the cone of the volcano, and marks the point at which in general the streams of lava are arrested in their downward progress.

Our traveller's unromantic name was Fennel, and he had along with him two friends, considerably younger than himself, the one a clergyman, the other a barrister. Two servants, not much accustomed to sojourn in strange countries, rough Yorkshiremen, speaking their native dialect in perfection, and despising everything not English, waited upon the triad of travellers; and when they left Catania, two guides were hired to conduct the party through the labyrinth of woods, gorges, glens, ravines, and precipices which intercepts the ascent to the crater, and renders it at all times an enterprise of considerable danger.

For nearly a week before they set out, the mountain had exhibited some symptoms of internal uneasiness. Earthquakes passed like gentle tremors beneath the city—not rocking or heaving up the earth—not cracking the walls, or dismantling the houses—but just giving a tremulous motion to the pavement under your feet, and at night causing the pillow under your head to seem for an instant about to float away. To the Catanians, this was nothing; they had been used to it from the cradle. Their houses all stood upon lava, were built with lava; the detritus of lava formed the very soil in their gardens, and the fruits they ate had a rich lava relish. In some sense, they were half lava themselves—cold without, fiery within, feeling much, reflecting little, always on the brink of an impassioned eruption, but kept from running over, except at widely distant periods, by the paucity of materials in their constitution.

Mr. Fennel, as a true Englishman, loved to see sights, and therefore longed for an eruption; but, the Catanians assured him he would have to wait at least a month, in order to enjoy that peculiar spectacle. He determined to wait two months if necessary; but in the meantime, thought it would be pleasant and interesting to run up and get a peep at the crater. The wind blew strongly from the west, and spun out the dusky smoke into long ribbons in the air. Once or twice in the night he thought he could detect red sparks among the fuliginous vapour, which now and then increased largely in volume, and issued from the breast of the mountain with something like a deep grunt. The young clergyman observed jocularly that Enceladus was snorting or snoring in his sleep. But the barrister, familiar with the slang of men about town, maintained that there was a row among the Titans, and that Typhoeus having got Mr. Enceladus's head into Chancery, was pommelling him about the nob, and making him seek to deliver himself with fierce puffing and contortions. Mr. Fennel laughed at their absurdity, which he did not even pretend to mistake for wit, and determined to set out early in the evening to see with his own eyes, as he expressed it, what it was all about. At the hour appointed, the mules were ready, and off they went. To describe what they saw, what they felt, what they thought, and what they said, would fill a volume of no small dimensions. Sicily is big, every inch of it, with wonder; and no writer, so far as I know, has succeeded in conveying to an untravelled reader any idea of its awe-inspiring scenery. You know very well that every step you take conducts you over unfathomable gulfs of fire, from which you are separated only by a thin crust, which may at any moment crack and fall in. You know that interminable beds of sulphur extend from the great volcanic peak in unnumbered leagues out beneath the sea, and that for thousands of years they have supplied fuel to that prodigious fireplace, whose chimney rises 10,000 feet towards the empyrean. You feel mingled with the air you breathe the warmth of that mighty conflagration, which, forcing its way throughout the earth and the rocks, communicates a luxuriance to every kind of vegetation unknown in other parts of the world. But in spite of this knowledge, you are led by the example of the inhabitants, to put confidence in appearances, and to imagine that those more stupendous Phlegrean fields will continue safely for your time to hang floating over subterranean fires, displaying their beauty and their sublimity, and concealing altogether from the eye the fearful apparatus by which their splendours are produced.

As everybody knows, the ascent of Mount Etna is not to be accomplished in an hour or two. If you wish to reach it by daybreak, that you may witness sunrise from its summits, you must set out early the evening before. If your mules are vigorous, you may perhaps find time for a short nap, a little after midnight, and recommence the ascent about three o'clock. In the case of Mr. Fennel and his companions, the mules performed their part with great perseverance and fidelity. If you have travelled by night in a mountainous and woody country, you must know what an exciting thing it is; what gulfs of shadow you gaze at from time to time, straining your eyes in vain to penetrate into their depths; what towering precipices nod and frown over you; what sounds, wild and startling, and proceeding from you know not what cause, come at intervals through the woods; and how your heart beats with something very much like fear, but yet not unmingled with pleasure, as you spring over chasms, after the example of your guide, and climb zigzag along the face of cliffs which seem inclined to carry you up higher than Bable's projected tower into the sky.

It was already one o'clock, when the guides, who are perfectly despotic during such undertakings, pronounced it time to halt and take a little refreshment; after which, if so inclined, the whole party, they said, might sleep for two hours without running the least risk of not reaching the edge of the crater by sunrise. They did halt; and while the servants were kindling a fire with dried wood, which lay about in plenty, Mr. Fennel amused himself with looking down the vast sweeps of the mountain towards the sea. In that part of the world, nobody appears to sit up late; and at the time to which I now refer, the Sicilian cities had no lamps. You consequently beheld nothing on shore, save dusky irregularities descending and undulating to the extreme verge of the shore. But the sea, when it bares its breast to the stars, has always a faint glimmer diffused over it. On the present occasion, there were patches of phosphorescence which, like small luminous isles, flashed and floated between you and the Tarentine promontory. Science may dissipate as it please the mystery of these phenomena, but nothing can still that disquietude of the heart with which you contemplate the waves on fire, looking like so many glow-worms several leagues in dimensions, floating leisurely away before the wind. From enjoying this curious prospect, Mr. Fennel was called away by the announcement that supper was ready. He then joined his companions, ate, drank, and went, wrapped in his cloak, to sleep, like a red Indian, with his feet towards the fire.

We men are very clever in our way, but nature is often too many for us. According to their day and generation, those travellers were highly scientific, knew all about volcanoes, could dissertate learnedly on gases, and decide beforehand to an inch how far a heavy body, by whatever cause put in motion, could travel in two hours. With regard to the guides, it was altogether impossible that they could ever be taken napping; they understood all the tricks of Etna as well as he did himself, and could always decide whole days beforehand what he was going to do next. Nevertheless, he now stole a march upon them. Awaking with a start, they were surprised at feeling a warmth much greater than their wood-fire was calculated to impart; the sky, moreover, was filled with a blood-red glare, which bewildered at once their senses and their imagination, and the terrible idea suggested itself to their minds that the eruption was in full progress. Indeed, they had but to look around them to discover undeniable proofs of it. They were standing on a knoll skirted on the side of the cone with trees, and on the right and left, a broad stream of fire, glowing like a furnace, was rushing down into the plain, overthrowing everything in its passage—trees, rocks, and, where it encountered them, human dwellings. Never did Mr. Fennel witness anything so awful as the red glare cast upon the woods by the desolating torrent as it swept on. He turned to the guides, who stood beside him paralyzed with terror.

"How are we to get out of this situation?" inquired he.

"We don't know," they replied, "we have never before been placed in such circumstances. But we must make some movement, and that speedily, too, or we shall be burned to cinders where we stand. Look! the lava is coming; and those vast trees are bending and cracking at its touch like fine grass."

"Well," replied the traveller, "lead the way—you must know it better than we—that we may get out into the plain country before the fiery streams meet below, and hem us in."

"You are right," declared the guides; "for the lava is pursuing the course of two ravines which have their confluence below yonder hill; and if we fail to precede them, we are lost."

The jokers of the morning were not at all inclined to joke now. The lava was sending its intolerable heat before it, warning them that inevitable death was near unless they escaped from it by miraculous celerity. Down the mountain, therefore, they went, leaving everything behind them but the iron-shod staves which they carried in their hands. The landscape, previously so silent, was now filled on all sides with fearful noises—the bellowing of terrified herds, the shouts and shrieks of human beings, the sudden bursting up of flames here and there, as the torrents reached some combustible matters, the tumbling down of rocks, and the crash of forests, as the irresistible lava forced its way through them. Every moment the glowing flood rose higher and higher, until it overflowed its banks, and began to diffuse itself over the rocky plateau along which the travellers were rushing towards the distant city. At length they came suddenly upon the edge of a precipice, down which they looked, but could discern no bottom. On the right and left was the fire; in front, a gulf of unknown depth; behind, the lava rolling towards them with terrific rapidity, scorching, in its advance, trees, grass, hay, the very earth, which it absorbed and liquefied by its indescribable heat.

"Are you ignorant of this cliff?" inquired Mr. Fennel; "or may we hope to save our lives by throwing ourselves over?"

"It lies entirely out of our usual track," replied the men, "and we have never seen it before."

I do not pretend to describe Mr. Fennel's feelings at that moment, because he has left behind him no record of them. It is well known that extreme danger often renders men silent: they do not converse, do not discuss their means of escape, do not communicate their fears; their mental powers appear for the moment to be annihilated—they only feel. But what feelings are theirs! All Sicily now appeared to be on fire. The earth was reddening on every side; the sky overhead glowed like a furnace-mouth, and clouds dense, charged with igneous particles, and emitting an intolerable stench, were precipitated upon them by the west wind. To be scorched to death, or suffocated, appeared now inevitable, unless they threw themselves over the precipice, and so delivered themselves from such fate by suicide. While they were meditating on this idea, the earth under them began to rock violently. It shook; there was a wild crash; the rock parted and yawned, and they beheld a red streak making its way eastward through the bottom of the crevice. They fled not knowing whither, towards the cliff; but their progress was soon arrested by the heat thrown out by the lava. All thoughts, all eyes, were now directed towards the precipice: should they dash over, and, by one leap in the dark, either deliver themselves from the most fearful of deaths, or put an end to their agonies at once? With sensations which baffle all description, they approached the edge of the rock, and looked over it. Could they discern anything below? No; all was thick darkness, suggesting unfathomable depth. They would remain, therefore, where they were, in the hope that the lava might rise no higher, and that when the light of day should make its appearance, they might see some avenue of deliverance. But this hope the guides dissipated. They knew too well that the lava-streams now separated would meet and mix before morning, and leave not one inch of the ground they now stood on unflooded by fire. Yet all hesitated to plunge down they knew not whither in the dark. While they lived, while they breathed, something like a miracle might occur to preserve them. They would therefore hope, and defer taking the fatal plunge till there should be nothing else left them. It soon came to this: the fiery circle became contracted, the heat and the sense of suffocation intolerable, and at length the young clergyman, with a mixture of horror and resignation in his countenance, volunteered to make the first plunge. In spite of the volcanic glow, his face assumed the hue of death as he approached the rock. He did not dash forward—he did not throw himself headlong—he turned round, and clinging to the rock with his hands, remained there suspended for a moment, and then——

What was that noise?—that of a body dashing against the rocks—down, down fearfully into some unfathomable gulf. The survivors shouted in agony, and besought him to reply if he still lived. But no answer. Mr. Fennel then said it was his turn, and in the same way he committed himself into the depths of air. There was another pause of suspense and agony. Again the survivors listened: again no answer came. Then followed the barrister: and after that, pell-mell, rushed down servants and guides and there was silence. They had all taken the leap in the dark, and were they on the shores of Acheron? The precipice, if I may borrow an Hibernianism for the occasion, was no precipice at all, but a very shallow rock, with soft grass growing up to its base. Why, then, did they who leaped not answer? They thought they were going to inevitable death, and that thought for a moment paralyzed them, so that they did not recover the use of speech for several minutes. Those minutes had appeared an age to those who had waited a reply. But, long as the time seemed, there elapsed, probably, only a few seconds between the plunge of the clergyman and the simultaneous spring of the servants and guides. What roused them at last was the lava glow, flashing upon them from the rooks above. They rose with a feeling of indescribable gratitude, mingled with fear, and hastened eastward over the plain. They were not yet beyond the reach of the Etnean surges, and therefore pushed along with eager speed till they reached the point where the lava-streams must soon have their confluence. They dashed through the gap—they ascended the rocks on the side of Catania, and soon stood on the high terrace before the city walls, from whence they beheld Etna vomiting forth in smoke and thunder those red torrents, which, at wide intervals, desolate and fertilize the plain of Sicily, suggesting ideas of immeasurable antiquity, since all that part of the island has been gradually created by the mountain. With sobered feelings, and curiosity thoroughly quenched, Mr. Fennel set sail, on the following day, for England, where he often spoke of his leap in the dark.—*Chambers's Journal.*

### THE GREAT EASTERN.

THE accounts recently received from England of the progress of this mammoth steamer intensely interest the American public. The certainty of her completion, and that within a short time, is now universally admitted, and her proportions, character and finish are now palpable to the eye. Without going into detail, which would be an endless task, we may form some idea of her by alluding merely to the generalities which belong to her design and structure. Her upper and lower decks may be estimated by the acre, and 1,500 workmen employed about her are out of speaking distance and appear as but a handful. The state cabins are as large as the parlours of a New York house of 22 feet front, and they open upon regular squares and streets as if city built. They will be found by numbers, lighted by a gas company on board the ship, be indicated by a directory for the use of passengers, and be patrolled at night by a regular police. The saloons, into which the passengers can enter from the streets, for recreation or from curiosity, will be as large as most of those found in our best hotels, being in fact equal in size to the main deck of a line-of-battle ship.

Her population will be 400, those resident permanently on board; but 10,000 travellers can be accommodated at a time, should so many desire to make a voyage in company; 250 tons of coal per day will be the fuel required to keep her in motion, and when the whole power of the combined engines is working, it is the same as if the ship were dragged along by 11,500 stout horses, or 57,500 men.

There is on board this ship, according to this calculation, force enough to drive all the machinery in Manchester, to lift a column of 200,000 gallons of water 200 feet high in a minute. We can hardly comprehend how her plans were ever arranged by ordinary common minds, or those accustomed only to the usual details of engineering. The idea of a combination of paddle engines and screws was a bold one, outstripping, apparently, all the necessities and requirements of the case. The paddle engines are oscillators of 74 inches diameter and 14 inches stroke, working up with 15 pounds of steam and 11 strokes per minute, to the power of 3,000 horses.

The boilers are in sets, each having about 8,000 square feet of tube surface. Small auxiliary high-pressure engines are placed near the large ones, like servants near their master, to do the small work of the ship—drive the pumps, hoist sail, and various other little matters, to save the time of the number of the men. The screw engines, consisting of four cylinders of eighty-four inches diameter and four feet stroke, work up, with fifteen pounds pressure, and 45 strokes per minute, to the power of 4,500 horses, but with 25 pounds of steam and 55 strokes per minute to the power of 6,500 horses. These also have some mechanical attendants, in the shape of two auxiliary high-pressure engines to do the small business of the screw.

But the most curious thing about her is the fleet of steamers and yachts she will carry on board, to be used in case of accidents at sea, for the safety of the passengers. Astern her paddle-boxes will hang two screw steamers, each of which will be one hundred feet long, sixteen feet beam, forty horse-power, and one hundred and twenty tons—almost equal to a large Albany sloop! And beside this, there will be a whole fleet of yachts, decked, masted and rigged complete, ready for a regatta or a cruise to save life.

Her anchors, cabels, masts, are all on the same magnificent scale, and the very ways on which she is to be launched are being constructed as if they were to be a foundation of a fortress. Some anxiety is felt by scientific men as to the probable action of the needle on board such a mass of iron; but probably the plan of Dr. Scoresby will be resorted to, as well also as that of the astronomer royal. The first is to carry a standard compass about thirty-two feet above the deck, and the other to place fixed magnets near the compass, that they may neutralize the action of the ship and leave it free to obey the "directive force of the earth's polarity."

It would be a curious thing, however, if this great steam leviathan were afloat and ready to sail, it should be found that the compasses were not to be trusted, and that their variation could not be calculated. The secrets of magnetism and electricity are only beginning to be disclosed, but our knowledge of them is increasing every day, and we have no doubt that not only navigators will be able to trust implicitly to the needle on board iron ships, but that magnetism will indicate by its force, intensity, and variation, the precise position where the observer is at the moment. This is an inference of our own, from facts which have recently come within our knowledge.

The Great Eastern may be considered the master-piece of naval architecture, and her future career is expected to decide some great questions. If successful in all respects, she will be imitated, and thousands will be travelling about the world, as groups of families now do. Some seaports that have been famous will fall in decline, deep water determining their value. Sailing vessels will become curiosities; population will tend to that happy country where life is most agreeable and healthful, and where there is most prosperity and freedom. The face of the civilized globe will be affected by the substitution of these great steamers for the small craft of 3,000 tons, and the strength of nations will be changed, as well as the balance of power. Such at least are the theories of some very sensible persons.

From The Atlantic Monthly, No. I.

### THE GIFT OF TRITEMIUS.

TRITEMIUS of Herbipolis one day,
While kneeling at the altar's foot to pray,
Alone with God, as was his pious choice,
Heard from beneath a miserable voice—
A sound that seemed of all sad things to tell,
As of a lost soul crying out of hell.

Thereat the Abbot rose, the chain whereby
His thoughts went upward broken by that cry,
And, looking from the casement, saw below
A wretched woman, with gray hair aflow,
And withered hands stretched up to him, who cried
For alms as one who might not be denied.

She cried: "For the dear love of Him who gave
His life for ours, my child from bondage save,
My beautiful, brave first-born, chained with slaves
In the Moor's galley, where the sun-smit waves
Lap the white walls of Tunis!" "What I can
I give," Tritemius said—"my prayers." "O man
Of God!" she cried, for grief had made her bold,
"Mock me not so; I ask not prayers, but gold;
Words cannot serve me, alms alone suffice;
Even while I plead, perchance my first-born dies."

"Woman!" Tritemius answered, "from our door
None go unfed; hence are we always poor.
A single soldo is our only store—
Thou hast our prayers, what can we give thee more?"

"Give me," she said, "the silver candlesticks
On either side of the great crucifix;
God well may spare them on His errands sped,
Or he can give you golden ones instead."

Then said Tritemius, "Even as thy word,
Woman, so be it; and our gracious Lord,
Who loveth mercy more than sacrifice,
Pardon me if a human soul I prize
Above the gifts upon his altar piled!
Take what thou askest, and redeem thy child."

But his hand trembled as the holy alms
He laid within the beggar's palms;
And as she vanished down the linden shade,
He bowed his head and for forgiveness prayed.

So the day passed; and when the twilight came
He rose to find the chapel all aflame,
And, dumb with grateful wonder, to behold
Upon the altar candlesticks of gold!

### MISS HARRIET HOSMER.

From The Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE interest I take in works of art, and the still greater interest I feel in the free and full development of woman's faculties, have always drawn me powerfully toward Harriet Hosmer and the productions of her chisel.

The energy, vivaciousness, and directness of this young lady's character attracted attention even in childhood. Society, as it is called, that is, the mass of humans, who are never alive in real earnest, but congratulate themselves, and each other, upon being mere stereotyped formulas of gentility or propriety, looked doubtingly upon her, and said, "She is so peculiar!" "She is so *eccentric!*" Occasionally I heard such remarks, and being thankful to God whenever a woman dares to be individual, I also observed her. I was curious to ascertain what was the nature of the peculiarities that made women suspect Achilles was among them, betraying his disguise by unskilful use of his skirts; and I soon became convinced that the imputed eccentricity was merely the natural expression of a soul very much alive and earnest in its work.

"She could not hide
The quickening inner life from those at watch.
They saw a light at the window now and then,
*They* had not set there. Who had set it there?
* * * They could not say
She had no business with a sort of soul,
But plainly they objected and demurred."

This aroused in me a most earnest hope that the fire in her young soul might not expend itself in fitful flashes, but prove its divinity by burning brightly and steadily. Here was a woman, who, at the very outset of her life, refused to have her feet cramped by the little Chinese shoes, which society places on us all, and then misnames our feeble tottering feminine grace. If she walked forward with vigorous freedom, and kept her balance in slippery places, she would do much toward putting those crippling little shoes out of fashion. Therefore, I fervently bade her God speed. But, feeling that the cause of womankind had so much at stake in her progress, I confess that I observed her anxiously.

The art she had chosen peculiarly required masculine strength of mind and muscle. Was such strength *in* her? I saw that she *began* wisely. She did not try her 'prentice hand on pretty cameos for breast pins, or upon ivory beads for parasols and canes. Evidently sculpture was with her a passion of the soul, an earnest study, not a mere accomplishment, destined to be the transient wonder of drawing-rooms. She made herself thoroughly acquainted with anatomy, not merely by the aid of books, and the instructions of her father, but by her own presence in the dissection rooms. She took solid blocks of marble to her little studio in the garden, and alone there in the early morning hours, her strong young arms chiseled out those forms of beauty, which her clairvoyant soul saw hidden in the shapeless mass.

She tried her hand on a bust of the first Napoleon, intended as a present for her father. This proved that she could work well in marble, and copy likenesses correctly. Her next production was a bust of Hesper, the Evening Star; in which poetical conception of the subject was added to mechanical skill. Soon after the completion of it, she went to Rome, to pursue her studies with the celebrated and venerable English sculptor, Mr. Gibson. From the land of marbles, she sent us Medusa and Daphne, Ænone and Puck. These were beautifully wrought, and gave indications of a poetic mind. They proved an uncommon degree of *talent*; of *that* there could be no doubt. But did they establish Miss Hosmer's claim to *genius?* In my own mind, this query remained unanswered. I rejoiced that a woman had achieved so much in the most manly of the arts. I said to myself—

"It was in you—yes,
I *felt* 'twas in you. Yet I doubted half
If that od-force of German Reichenbach,
Which still from female finger-tips burns blue,
Could strike out like the masculine white-heats,
To quicken men."

When I heard that she was modelling a statue of Beatrice Cenci, in the last slumber on earth, before the tidings of approaching execution was brought to her miserable cell, I felt that the subject was admirably chosen, but difficult to execute. I hastened to look at the statue, as soon as it arrived in Boston. The query in my soul was answered. At the first glance I felt the presence of genius; and the more I examined the more strongly was this first impression confirmed. The beauty of the workmanship, the exquisite finish of details, the skilful arrangement of drapery, to preserve the lines of beauty everywhere continuous, were subordinate attractions. The *expression* of the statue at once riveted my attention. The whole figure was so soundly *asleep*, even to its finger's ends; yet obviously it was not healthy, natural repose. It was the sleep of a body worn out by the wretchedness of the soul. On that innocent face, suffering had left its traces. The arm that had been tossing in the grief-tempest, had fallen heavily, too weary to change itself into a more easy posture. Those large eyes now so closely veiled by their swollen lids, had evidently wept, till the fountain of tears was dry. That lovely mouth was still the open portal of a sigh, which the mastery of sleep had left no time to close.

Critics may prove their superiority of culture by finding defects in this admirable work, or in imagining that they find them. But I think genuine lovers of the beautiful will henceforth never doubt that Miss Hosmer has a genius for sculpture. I rejoice that such a gem has been added to the arts. Especially do I rejoice that such a poetical conception of the subject came from a woman's soul, and that such finished workmanship was done by a woman's hand.

"Man doubts whether we can do the thing
With decent grace, we've not yet done at all.
Now *do* it! Bring your statue! You have room.
He'll *see* it even by the star light here.
* * * * * There is no need to *speak.*
The universe shall henceforth speak for you,
And witness, She who *did* this thing was *born*
To do it—claims her *license* in her *work.*"

L. MARIA CHILD.

### THE RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *National Intelligencer* has brought to light a letter, written in 1778, by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, the Cicero of the Revolution, to his sister, Mrs. Hannah Corbin, of Richmond, Va. From certain expressions in this letter, it is apparent that Mrs. Corbin had urged upon her brother the justice of the claim of widows who were taxed for the support of government, to vote for representatives, using the argument which was the main-spring of the Revolution, that "representation and taxation should go together." Mr. Lee did not see that the doctrine of representation prohibited widows, having property, from voting; but it was contrary to custom, in this country and England, and he suggests as a reason for the omission, that "*perhaps* 'twas thought *rather* out of character for women to press into those tumultuous assemblies of men where the business of choosing representatives is conducted."

The writer who introduces this letter has obtained from a gentleman in New Jersey some facts respecting the exercise of the franchise by women in that State, under the Constitution of 1776, which permitted all persons of full age, who were worth £50 proclamation money, clear estate, and had been residing in the County twelve months, to vote. Judge Hornblower can recollect but one instance in which a woman voted, under that clause, and that was a case where a man and his wife held opposite political opinions, and the wife was resolved to balance the vote of her husband. In 1806, when a new Court-house and jail were to be erected in Essex, the question of the location of the County seat was submitted to all the inhabitants who were qualified to vote for members of Assembly. There was much excitement, and the judges of election decided that women could vote, under the clause above mentioned. Nearly every single and every married woman in the County claimed to be qualified, and was allowed to vote. The frauds were so apparent that the election was set aside. In the succeeding year, an act was passed confirming the right of suffrage to free white *male* citizens of 21 years, worth £50. This law was incorporated in the Constitution late adopted.

Information from another source shows that in 1790 an act was passed, at the instance of a member of the Society of Friends, which gave the right of voting to males and females, in accordance with the practice in his religious Society. The law was repealed in 1797 and reenacted in 1798. After the latter date women voted at Elizabethtown at a contested election for councilmen; and in the Presidential contest of 1800, votes were given by women in different parts of the State. In Hunterdon County, in 1802, a member of Assembly was elected by the votes of *coloured* women.

FEMALES AT VESTRIES.—I have seen females at vestries attending as overseers of the poor; and for voting, they having a legal vote in all parish matters, if rated to the poor. It will probably be found that in recent unhappy church-rate contests, many such have exercised their right; and I know an instance of one attending in her carriage, and no doubt there are many more.—*Notes and Queries.*


## Philadelphia Advertisements.

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On Merchandise generally; on Stores, Dwelling-Houses, &c.

*Assets of the Company, November 3d*, 1856.

| | |
|---|---|
| Bonds, Mortgages and Real Estate, | $101,350 94 |
| Philadelphia City and other Loans, | 168,976 56 |
| Stocks in Banks, Railroads and Insurance Companies, | 18,280 93 |
| Bills receivable, | 212,588 89 |
| Cash on hand, | 37,541 26 |
| Balances in hands of Agents, Premiums on Marine Policies recently issued, and other debts due the Comp'y, | 121,956 10 |
| Subscription notes, | 100,000 00 |
| | $700,694 67 |

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THOS. C. HAND, Vice-President. WM. MARTIN, President.
HENRY LYLBURN, Secretary.

REMOVAL.—Fowler, Wells & Co., late of No. 231 Arch street, have removed to No. 922 Chestnut street. Works on Phrenology, Physiology, Water-Cure and Phonography, wholesale and retail. Phrenological Examinations, day and evening.

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